




SWING
SISSON



BIG TOP



FARGO
KID



REYNOLDS
OF THE
MOUNTED



POISON
IVY



ZERO



RUSTY
RYAN

COMICS

QUALITY
COMICS
GROUP

JULY

STARRING
The DOLL MAN



MICKEY FINN



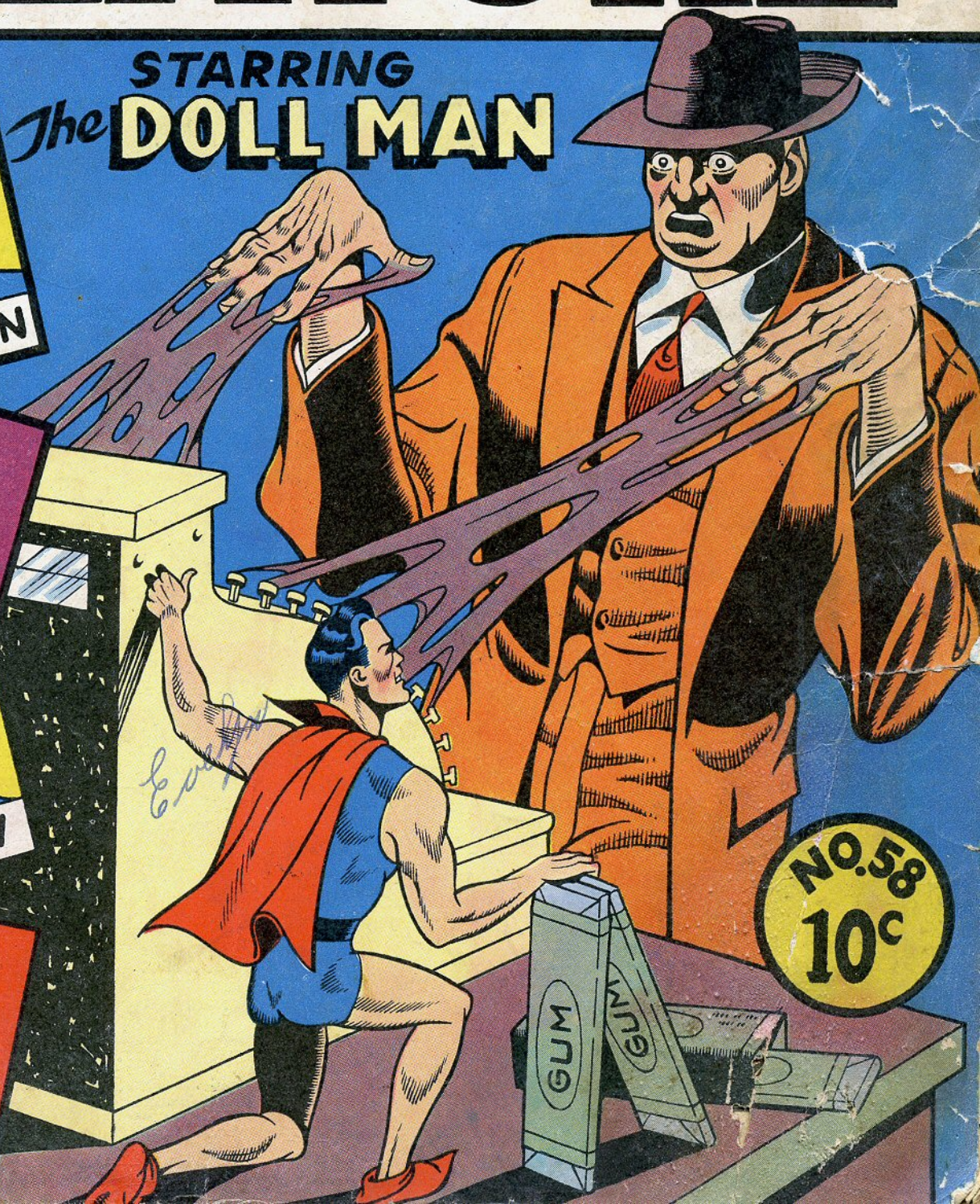
LALA PALOOZA



SPIN SHAW



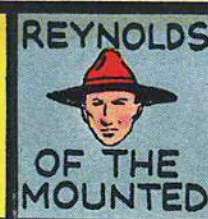
SAMAR



NO. 58
10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



FEATURE

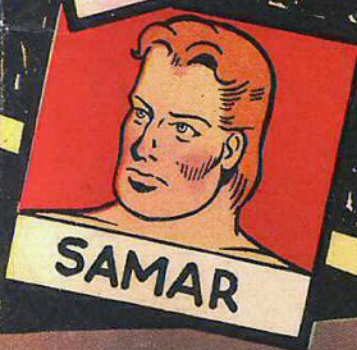
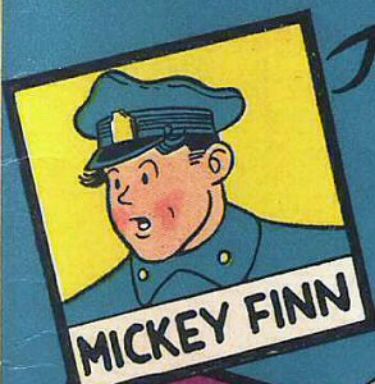
COMICS

QUALITY
COMICS
GROUP

SM
★
7

JULY

STARRING
The DOLL MAN



How can a guy learn Geography when he can't pronounce it?

Brother Jim is in the Navy,
Brother Tom's an Air Cadet,
And Cousin Hank's a-building tanks,
But I must wait and fret!

★ ★ ★

Unde Sam says, "work and study!"
But it's hard to concentrate
On olden wars and ancient lores,
And stuff so out of date!

★ ★ ★

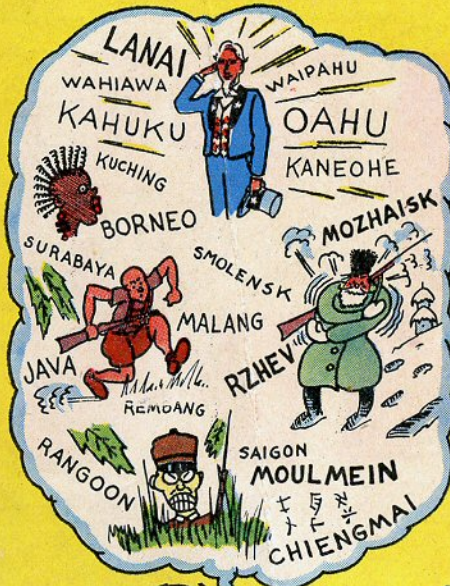
War Geography has got me!
Every name is like a sneeze!
From Oahu to Waipahu,
From Minsk to Celebes!

★ ★ ★

Miquelon and Madagascar,
Guam, Tobruk and Mandalay—
They give me pain inside my brain,
And fill me with dismay!

★ ★ ★

They're the reason tires are scarcer,
And the car is "on the shelf."
But why should I complain and sigh?
I've got a bike, myself!



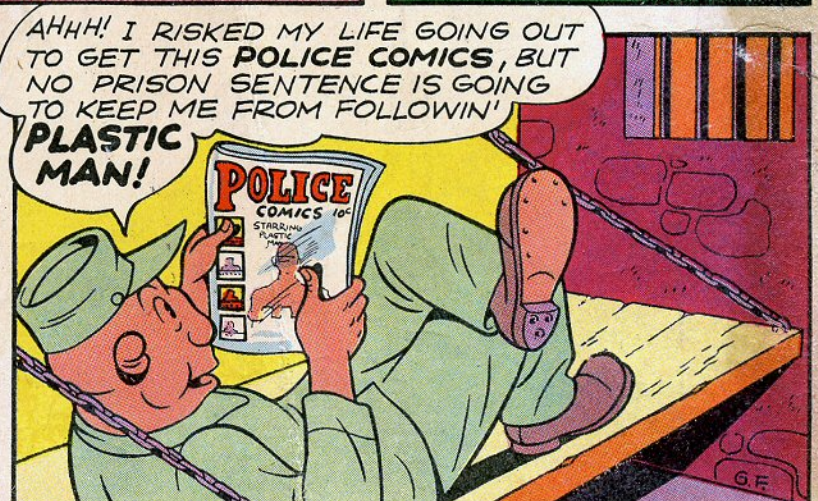
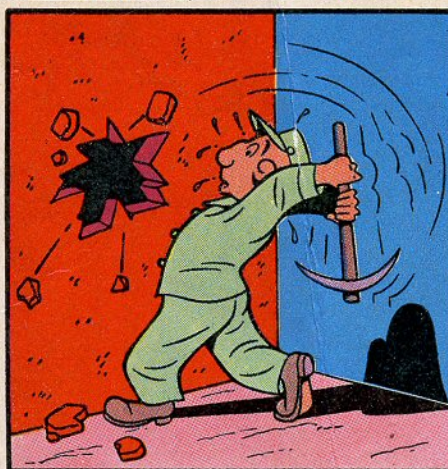
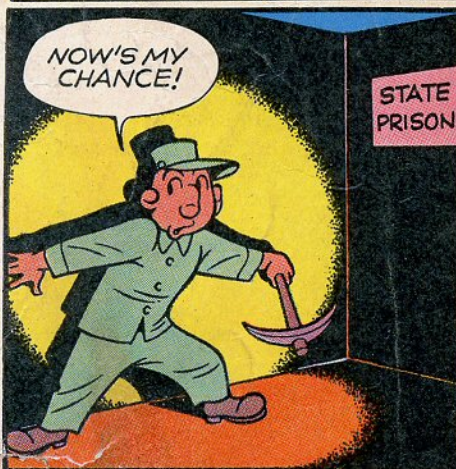
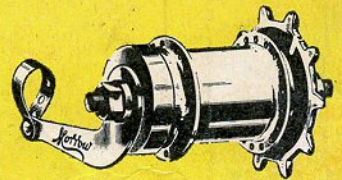
Its coaster brake's a Morrow,
(That's a tip I got from Dad!)
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,
It's tops . . . and that ain't bad!

★ ★ ★

Famous for more than 40 years!
Quick stopping, easy pedaling,
long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake.
Your bicycle dealer can furnish
a Morrow Coaster Brake on
any bike—ask for it.

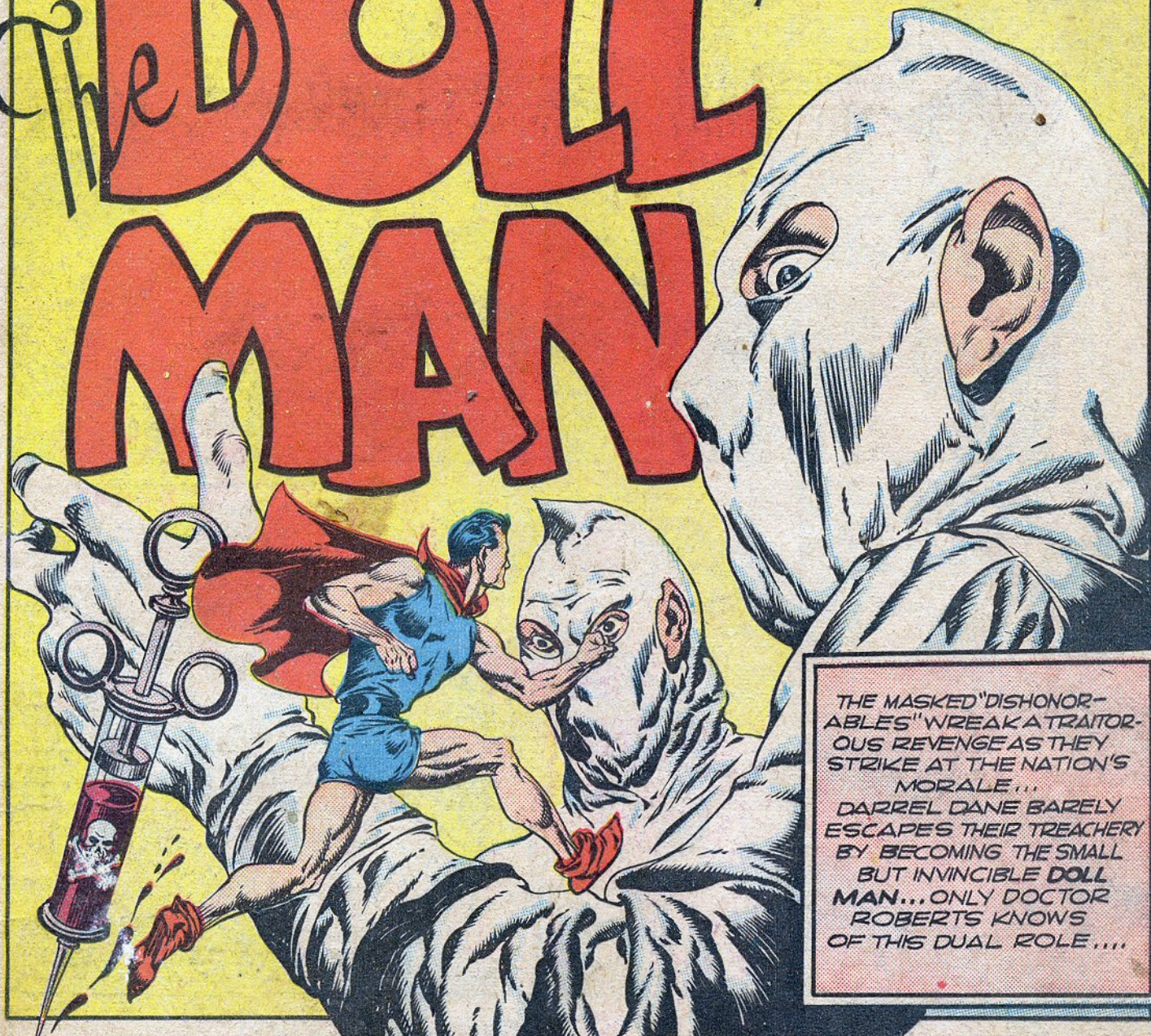
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • ELMIRA, N. Y.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE



The DOLL MAN

by WILLIAM ERWIN MAXWELL



THE MASKED "DISHONORABLES" WREAK A TRAITOROUS REVENGE AS THEY STRIKE AT THE NATION'S MORALE...

DARREL DANE BARELY ESCAPES THEIR TREACHERY BY BECOMING THE SMALL BUT INVINCIBLE DOLL MAN... ONLY DOCTOR ROBERTS KNOWS OF THIS DUAL ROLE....

A MYSTERIOUS NERVE DISEASE HAS HIT A COASTAL CITY. DR. ROBERTS HAS DONE ALL IN HIS POWER, BUT...

NO USE! THESE PEOPLE ARE SUFFERING FROM WAR JITTERS, BEFORE A BOMB HAS BEEN DROPPED.



SUDDENLY, A TRUCK BACK-FIRES...



PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MAN...

THEY GOT ME! THEY GOT ME!!!







I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO TURN.. IT SEEMS HOPELESS.. I..I FEEL SHAKY MYSELF!!



I..I ALMOST FOR-GOT..I CAN BECOME..

..THE DOLL MAN..



WHEW!! THAT'S BETTER ..THAT JITTERY STUFF DOESN'T EFFECT ME NOW...



MARTHA SEEMS A LITTLE CALMER.. MAYBE IT'S WEARING OFF..



DARLING.. I MEAN MARTHA..HOW LONG HAVE YOU FELT LIKE THIS?

I DON'T REMEMBER.. I'M THIRSTY.. WATER!!



HERE YOU ARE!!



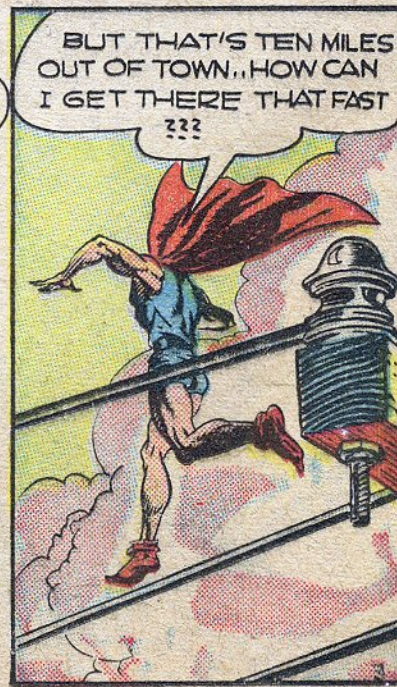
IMMEDIATELY, MARTHA BURSTS INTO UNCONTROLABLE SPASMS

OOH!! OOH!!

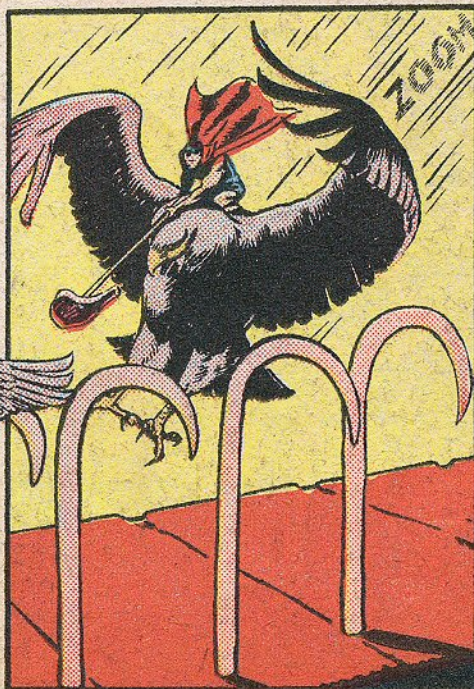
THE WATER!! THAT'S IT!!

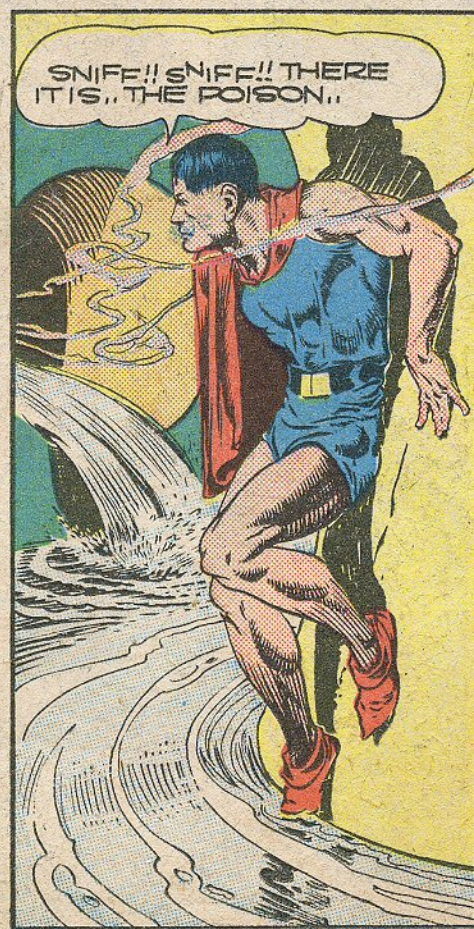
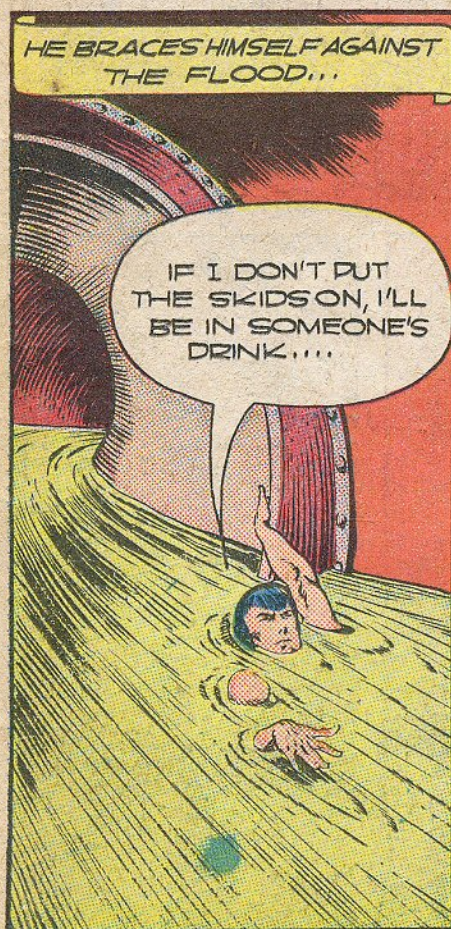
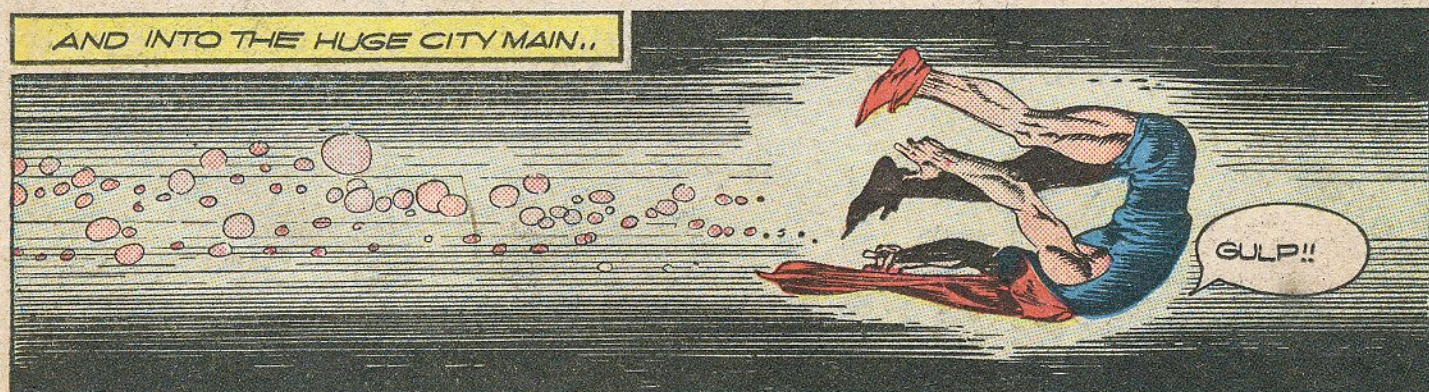
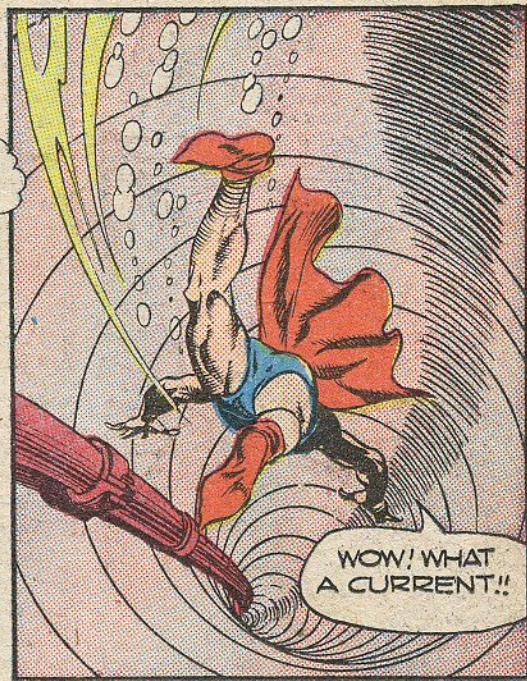


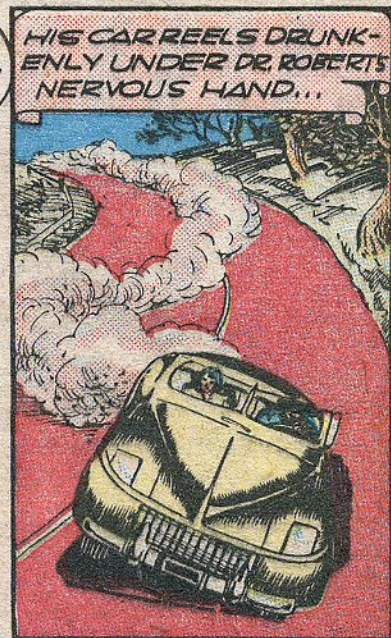
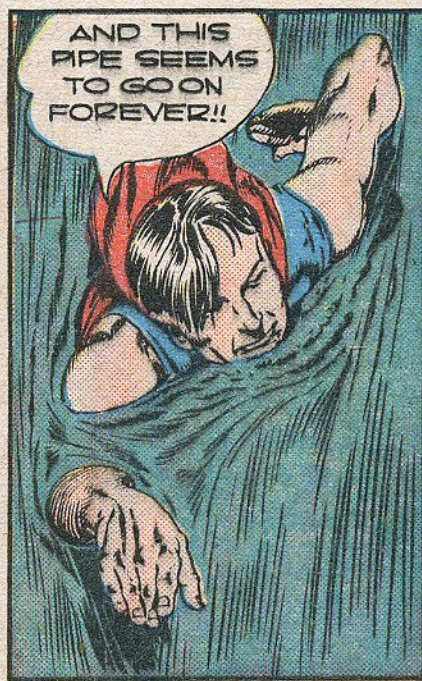
THE CITY WATER'S BEEN POISONED... SOMETHING THAT WORKS ON PEOPLE'S NERVES.. I'LL HAVE TO TRACE IT FROM THE RE-SERVOIR!!

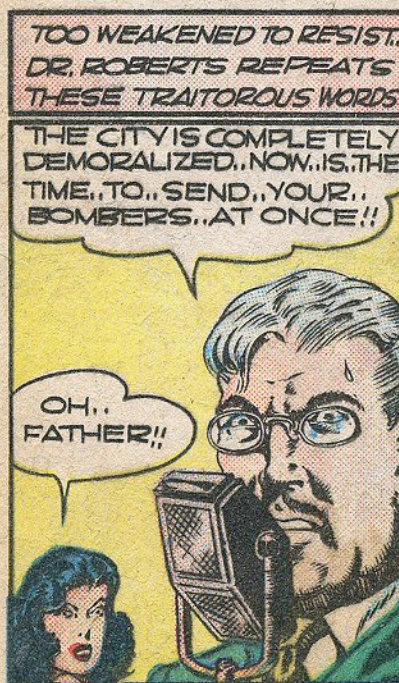
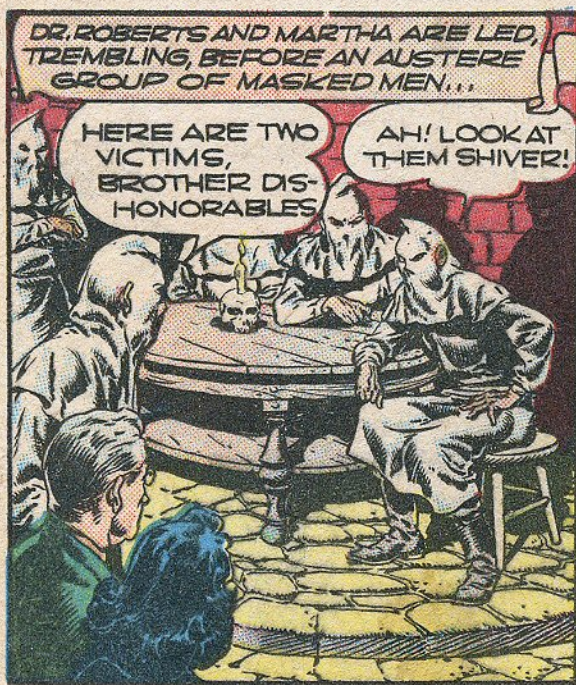


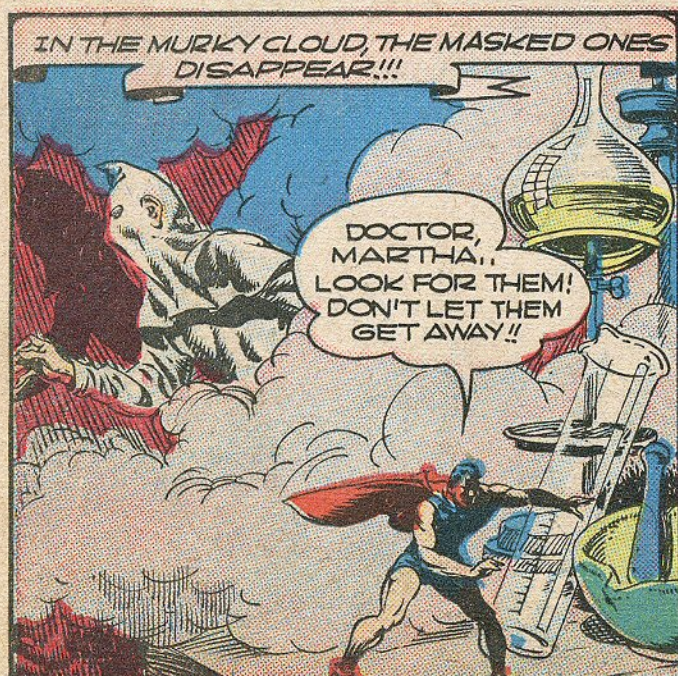
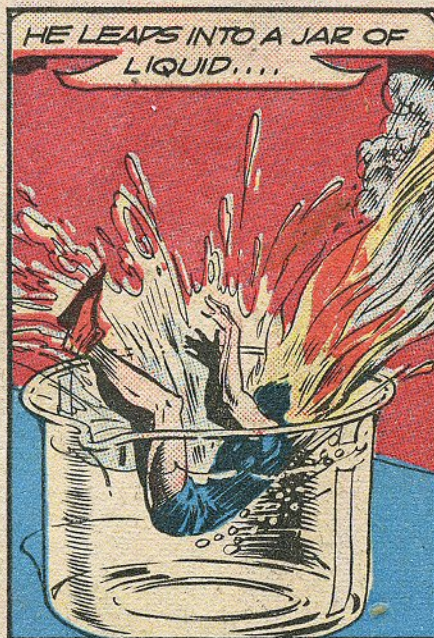
BUT THAT'S TEN MILES OUT OF TOWN..HOW CAN I GET THERE THAT FAST ???

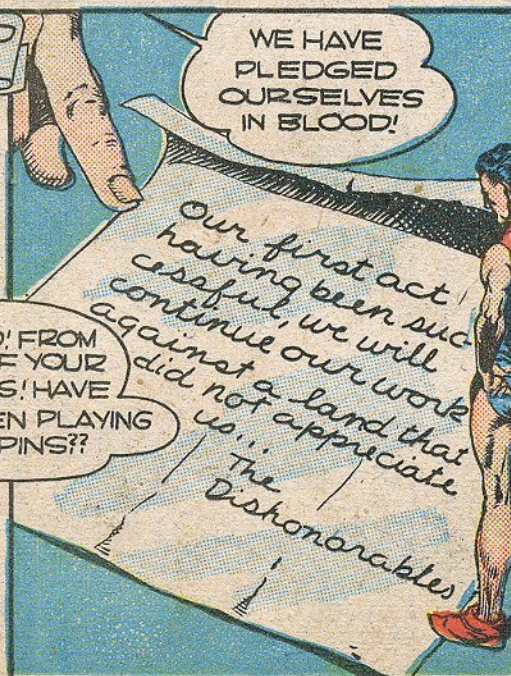
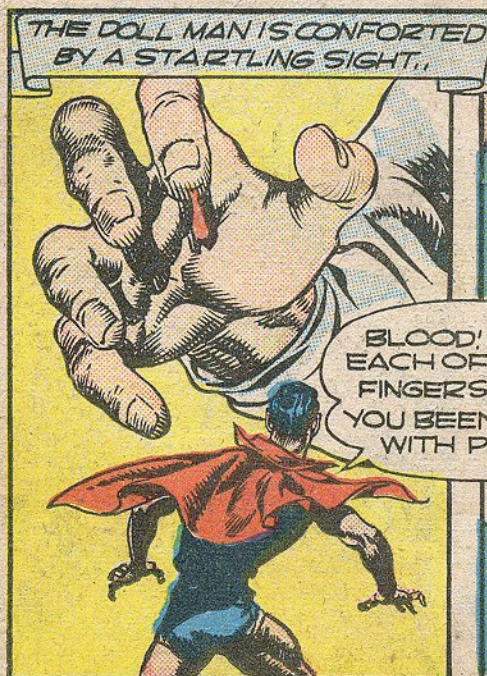
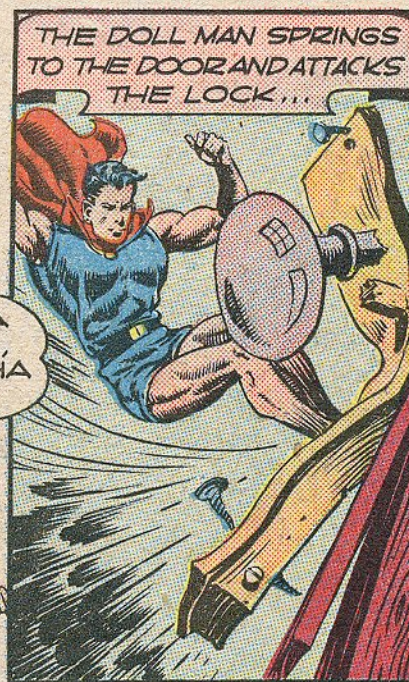


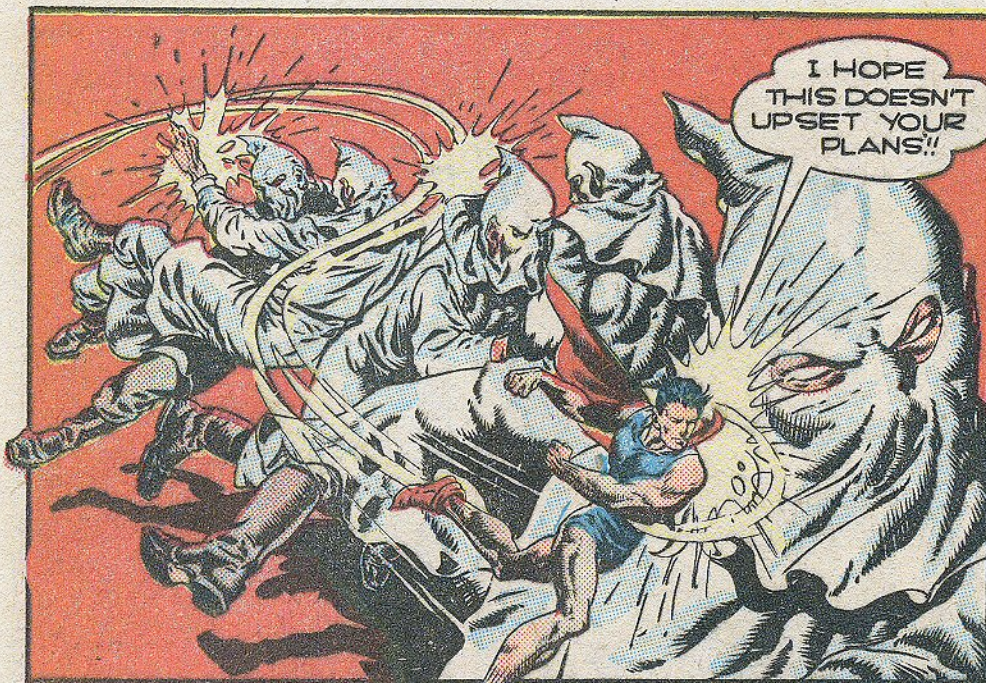


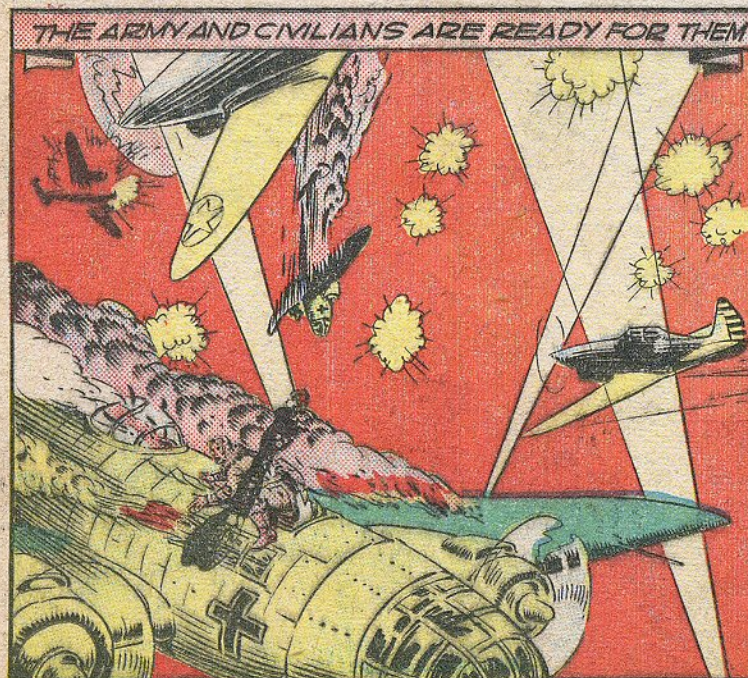
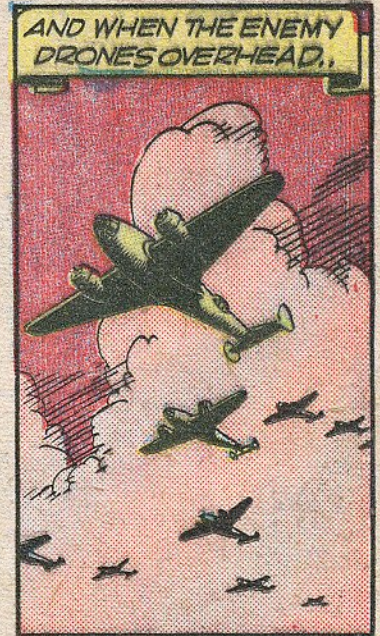
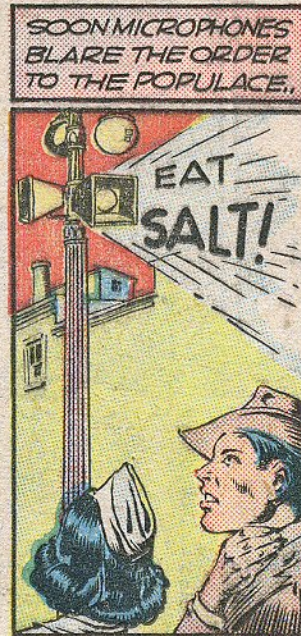
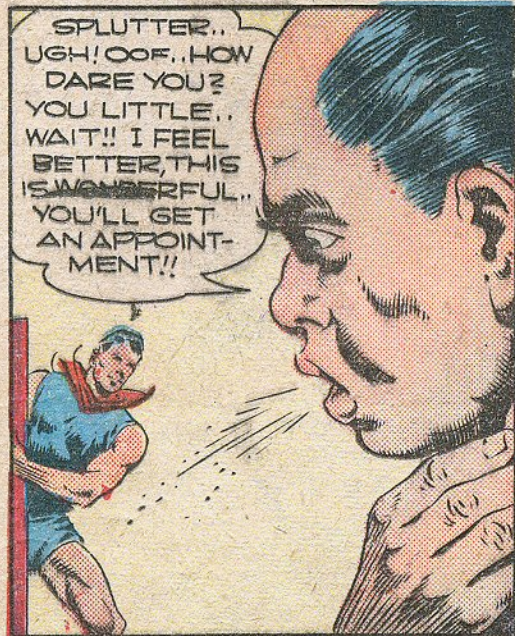


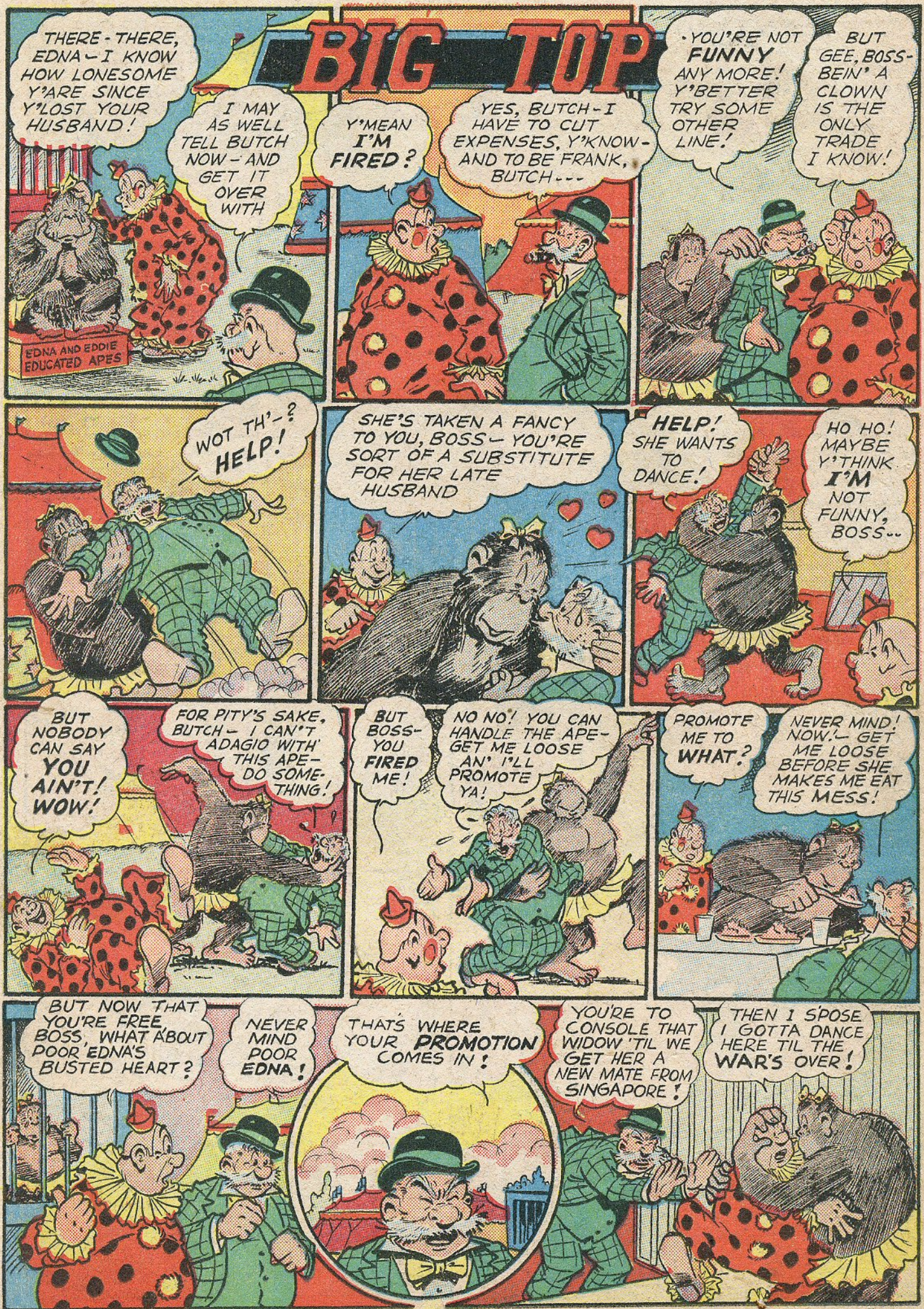












BIG TOP

THERE - THERE, EDNA - I KNOW HOW LONESOME Y'ARE SINCE Y'LOST YOUR HUSBAND!

I MAY AS WELL TELL BUTCH NOW - AND GET IT OVER WITH

Y'MEAN I'M FIRED?

YES, BUTCH - I HAVE TO CUT EXPENSES, Y'KNOW - AND TO BE FRANK, BUTCH---

YOU'RE NOT FUNNY ANY MORE! Y'BETTER TRY SOME OTHER LINE!

BUT GEE, BOSS - BEIN' A CLOWN IS THE ONLY TRADE I KNOW!

EDNA AND EDDIE EDUCATED APES

WOT TH'--? HELP!

SHE'S TAKEN A FANCY TO YOU, BOSS - YOU'RE SORT OF A SUBSTITUTE FOR HER LATE HUSBAND

HELP! SHE WANTS TO DANCE!

HO HO! MAYBE Y'THINK I'M NOT FUNNY, BOSS...

BUT NOBODY CAN SAY YOU AIN'T! WOW!

FOR PITY'S SAKE, BUTCH - I CAN'T ADAGIO WITH THIS APE - DO SOMETHING!

BUT BOSS - YOU FIRED ME!

NO NO! YOU CAN HANDLE THE APE - GET ME LOOSE AN' I'LL PROMOTE YA!

PROMOTE ME TO WHAT?

NEVER MIND! NOW - GET ME LOOSE BEFORE SHE MAKES ME EAT THIS MESS!

BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE FREE, BOSS, WHAT ABOUT POOR EDNA'S BUSTED HEART?

NEVER MIND POOR EDNA!

THAT'S WHERE YOUR PROMOTION COMES IN!

YOU'RE TO CONSOLE THAT WIDOW 'TIL WE GET HER A NEW MATE FROM SINGAPORE!

THEN I SPOSE I GOTTA DANCE HERE 'TIL THE WAR'S OVER!

BIG TOP

GOLLY-IF SHE'D ONLY LOOK AT ME- MAYBE SHE MIGHT LIKE ME!

BUT SHE'S A STAR-A HIGH-DIVER-A BIG ATTRACTION, AND I'M JUST A JOEY-A CLOWN!!

CHEER UP, BUTCH-WOMEN ADMIRE MEN WHO ARE BRAVE- DO SOMETHING SPECTACULAR, AND I'LL BET SHE FALLS FOR YOU!

HM-LET'S SEE-WHAT'S THE MOST SPECTACULAR ACT IN THE SHOW?-AH! THAT'S IT!-HERMAN THE HUMAN BULLET!- I'M GONNA TALK TO HERMAN!

YOU WANT ME TO SHOOT YOU OUT OF THE CANNON?

YES, HERMAN-WILL Y'DO IT, PLEASE HERMAN-WILL YA?

IF SHE SEES ME FLY RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER, WAY UP IN THE AIR-SHE'LL KNOW I'M BRAVE!

OKAY, BUTCH-WE'D BETTER HURRY-SHE'S UP ON THE DIVING PLATFORM NOW!

OKAY, BUTCH-SLIDE ALL THE WAY DOWN INTO THE CANNON!

BE SURE YA AIM THE CANNON SO I'LL FLY RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER!

BANG

CRASH

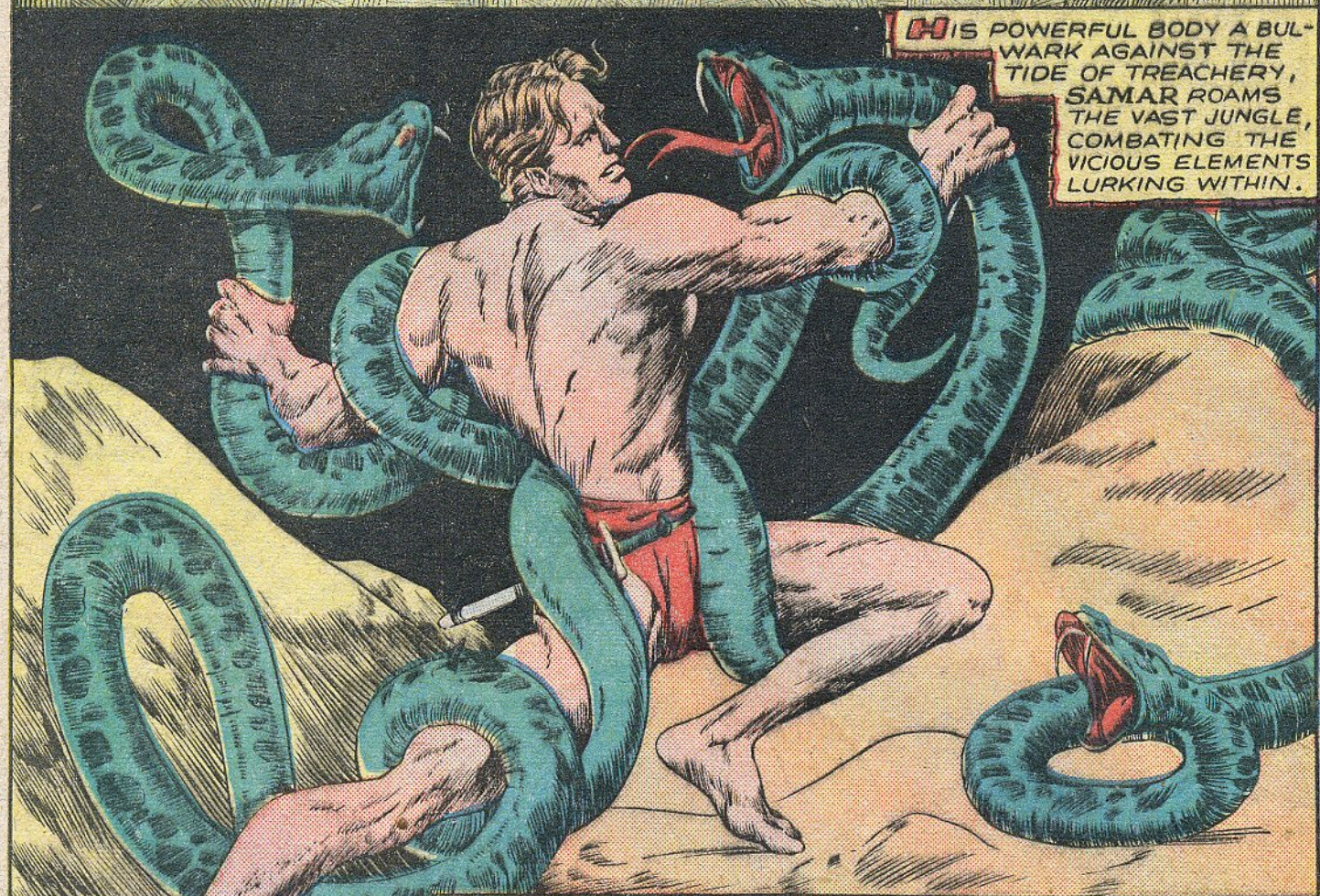
BUT, BUTCH-SHE DID FALL FOR YOU!

YEAH-AN' IF SHE RECOVERS FROM THE FALL BEFORE I GET OUTTA TOWN-SHE'LL PUT ME RIGHT BACK HERE!!

Samar

By
John
Charles

HIS POWERFUL BODY A BULWARK AGAINST THE TIDE OF TREACHERY, SAMAR ROAMS THE VAST JUNGLE, COMBATING THE VICIOUS ELEMENTS LURKING WITHIN.



I SEE BEAUTIFUL WHITE LADY LEADING SAFARI IN JUNGLE... SHE GO INTO SNAKE COUNTRY, TO FIND TWIN SISTER SHE NO SEE SINCE THEY LITTLE GIRL!

A WHITE WOMAN GO INTO THE SNAKE COUNTRY?

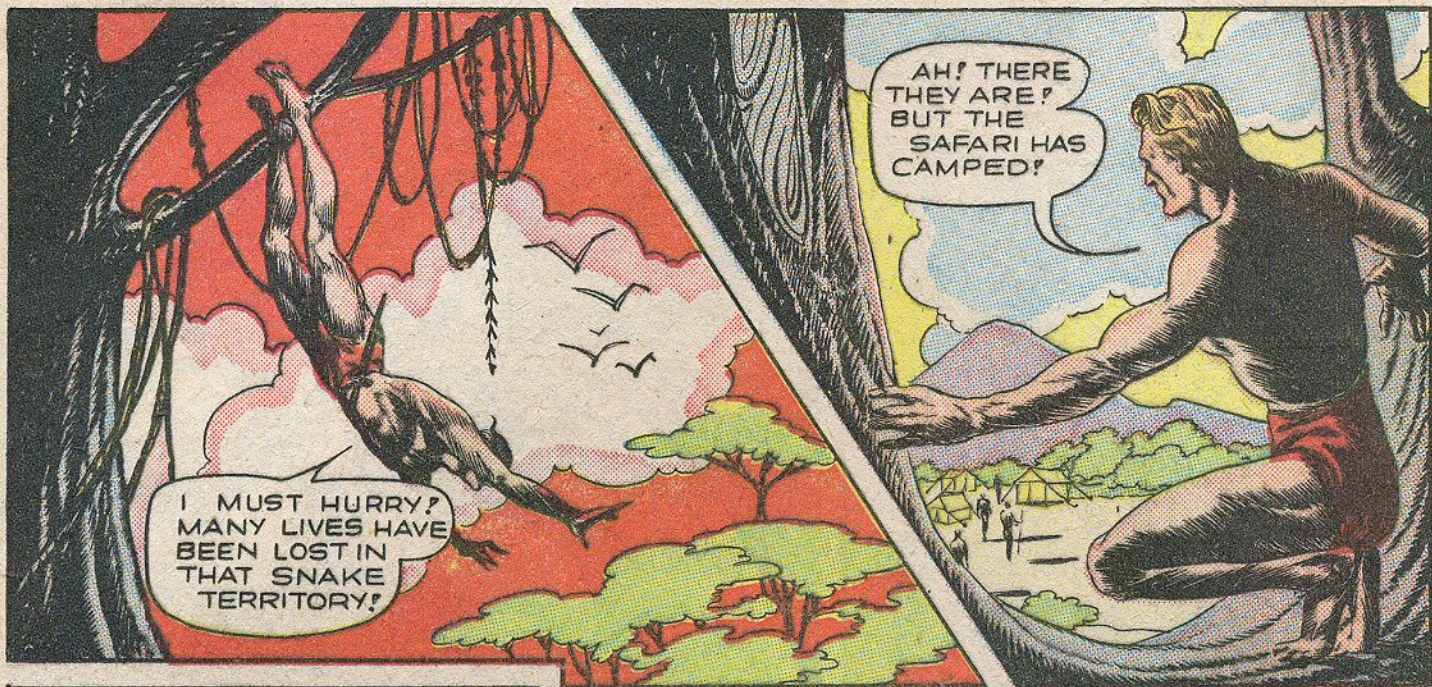
HO, SAMAR!

WHAT'S THIS?

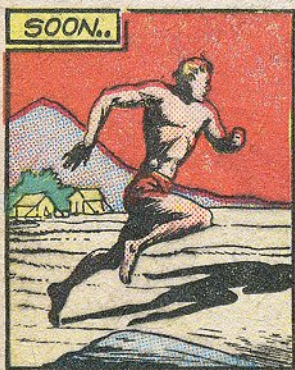
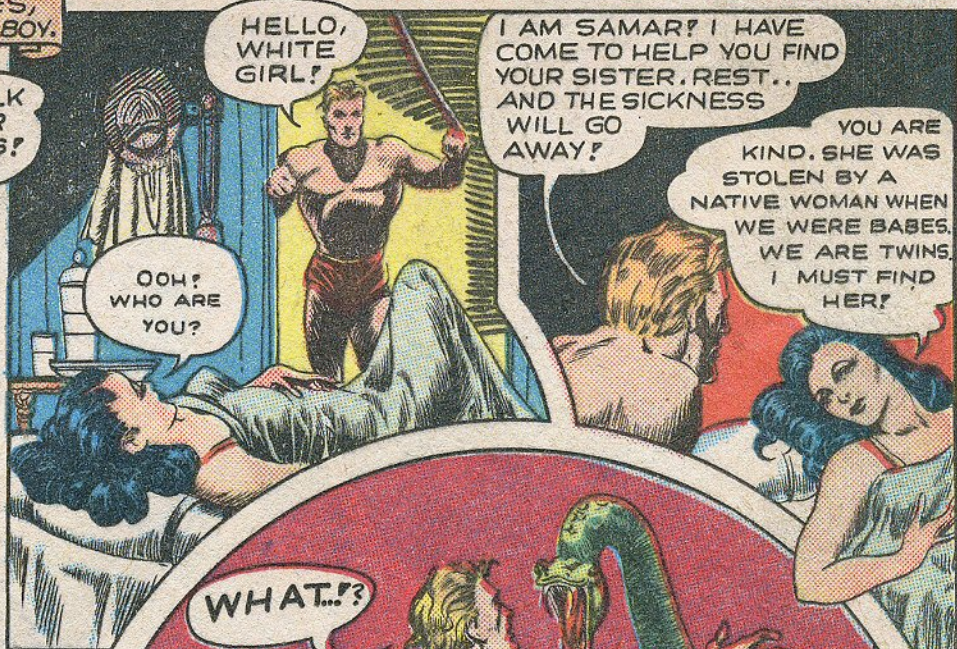


THE SNAKE COUNTRY IS VERY DANGEROUS.. SAMAR WILL HELP THE WHITE WOMAN!

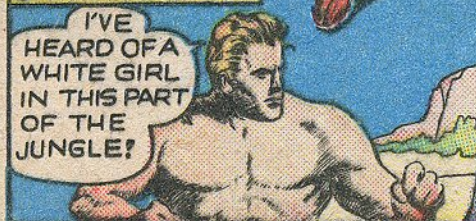


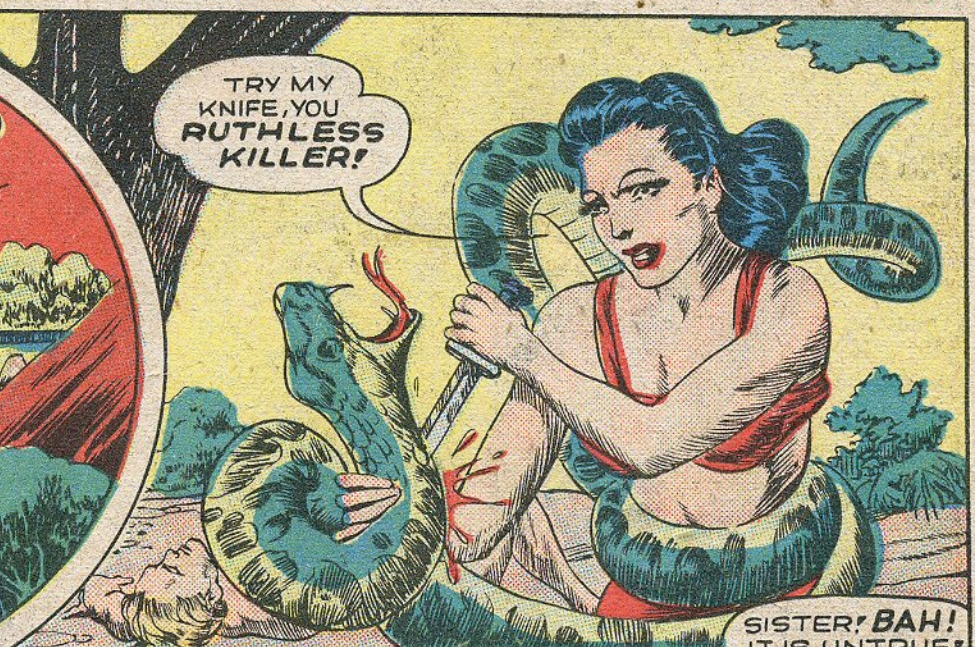


DESCENDING FROM THE TREES, SAMAR APPROACHES A CAMP BOY.



UNAWARE OF THE DEADLY REPTILE, SAMAR HALTS.





WHEN SAMAR RECOVERS, HE IS ASTOUNDED TO FIND HIS RESCUER TO BE THE GIRL HE IS SEARCHING FOR.



THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE VILLAGE SLEEPS..

SH! SAMAR.. FOLLOW ME QUIETLY.. WE CAN GET AWAY IN THE DARKNESS!

GOOD!



HALT!

HE'LL WAKEN THE WITCH DOCTOR, WITH THAT SHOUTING!



SHHH! THE GUARD SLEEPS!

RUN!



YOU FOOL! SLEEPING WHEN YOU SHOULD BE GUARDING! ORDER THE WARRIORS AFTER THEM! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

I GO!



HO! SOMEONE HAS PASSED ME!



THERE GO FLEEING ONES!



HE DIE QUICK!



OH, SAMAR!

AH!

I GET HIM!



SO YOU WOULD RUN OFF AGAINST MY WISHES, EH? IT WILL BE THE SNAKE PIT FOR YOU, STUPID ONE!

SAMAR WILL HAVE REVENGE.





SNAKES AGAIN!

I'M HELPLESS
WITH THOSE
GUARDS STANDING
UP THERE!



GIVE ME
THAT TORCH!
I KNOW HOW
TO DEAL WITH
THOSE SNAKES!

STOP!



LOOK OUT, SAMAR!
THEY WILL STAY
CLEAR OF THE
FIRE!

THANK HEAVENS,
SHE THINKS
FAST!



SHE SHALL DIE! THROW
THE UNGRATEFUL ONE
IN THE PIT!

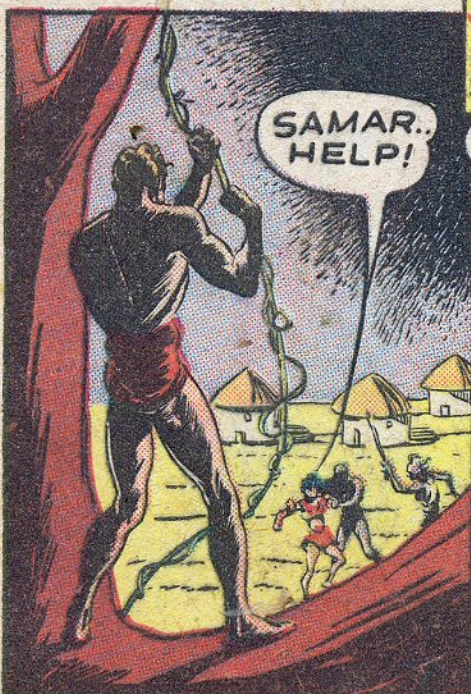


LET ME GO!
LET ME
GO!

IT IS WELL
THAT NOBODY
NOTICES ME...
BUT I MUST
HURRY!



I HOPE SHE CAN
HOLD THEM OFF A
LITTLE LONGER!



SAMAR..
HELP!



With A MIGHTY
SWOOP, SAMAR
SWEEPS THE
GIRL INTO THE
TREES.

DON'T BE
FRIGHTENED!
YOU'RE SAFE
NOW!



A SHORT
TIME
LATER...

WE SHALL
NEVER FOR-
GET YOU,
SAMAR!

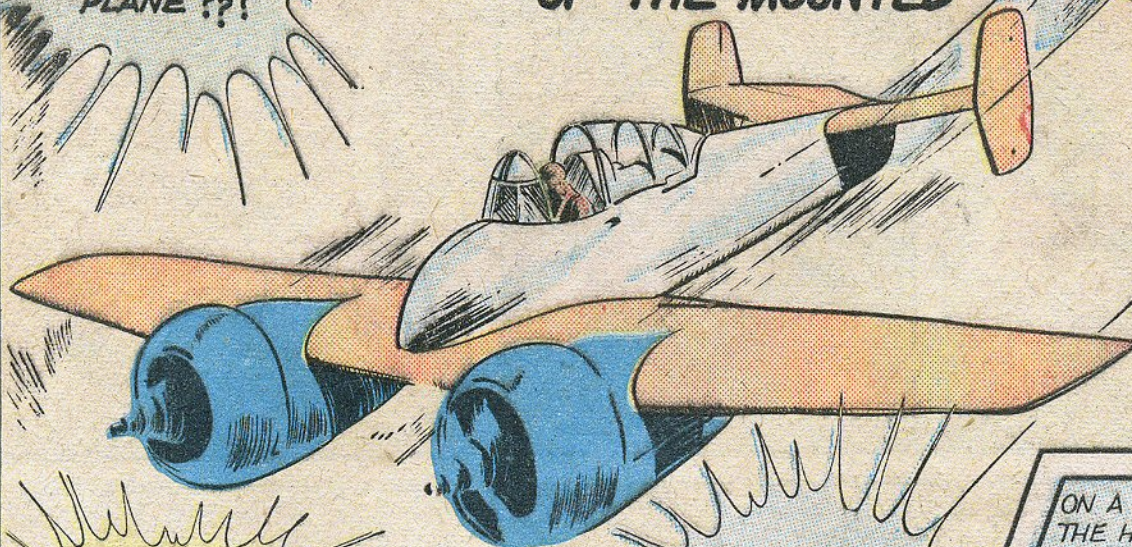
DO NOT
THANK ME. MY
REWARD IS IN
SEEING
YOU TWO
TOGETHER!

WHAT
IS THE
NEW
SKYROCKET
PLANE???

REYNOLDS

OF THE MOUNTED

WHO
INVENTED
IT???



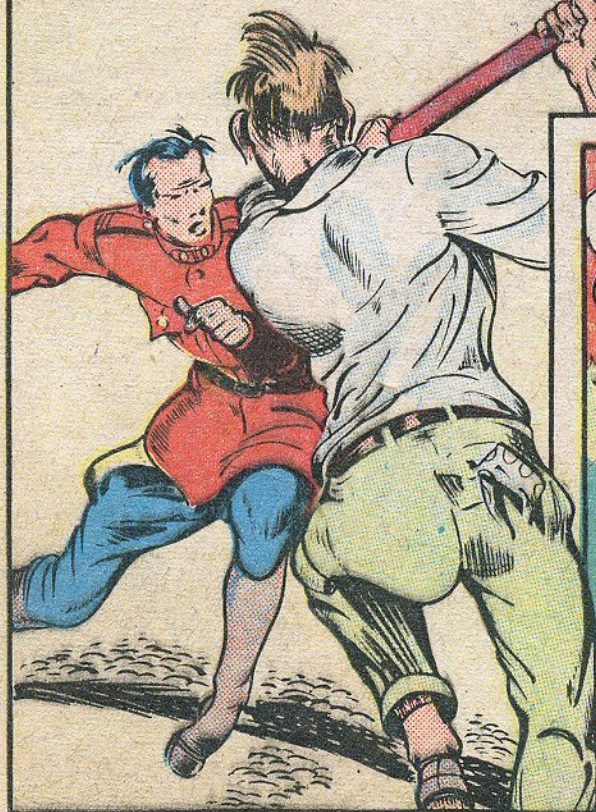
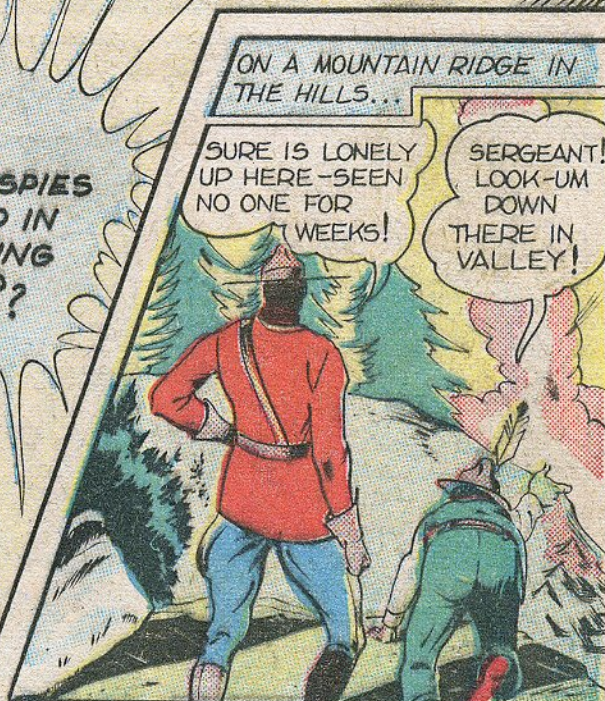
WILL IT
BE FINISHED
IN TIME TO
HELP DEFEND
THE SHORES
OF DEMOCRACY???

CAN
FOREIGN SPIES
SUCCEED IN
WRECKING
IT???

ON A MOUNTAIN RIDGE IN
THE HILLS...

SURE IS LONELY
UP HERE—SEEN
NO ONE FOR
TWO WEEKS!

SERGEANT!
LOOK-UM
DOWN
THERE IN VALLEY!



GREAT SCOT!
LOOKS LIKE
A SMALL
LANDING
FIELD— WELL
I'LL BE---



SUDDENLY....

NO-NO-
LET ME GO!!

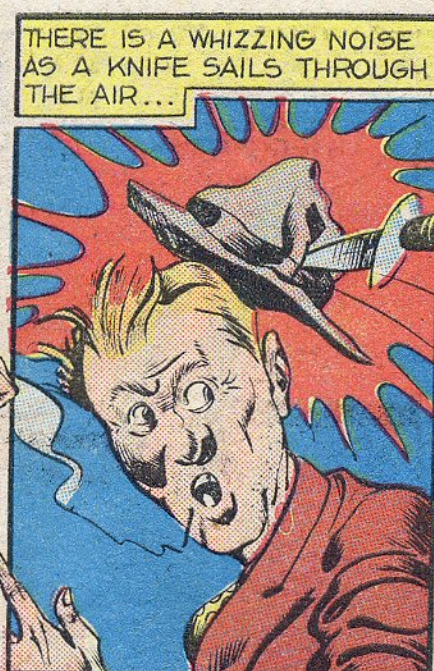
HEAR-UM
YELL!

A
YOUNG
BOYS
VOICE—
LET'S GO,
FLATFOOT!





YOU LITTLE
TIGER-WE'LL
TAKE CARE
O' YOU...
C'MERE!



THERE IS A WHIZZING NOISE
AS A KNIFE SAILS THROUGH
THE AIR...



THAT SCARED 'EM
FLATFOOT-NOW
WE'LL TAKE CARE
OF THEM-

BUT A GLANCING BLOW FROM
BEHIND...

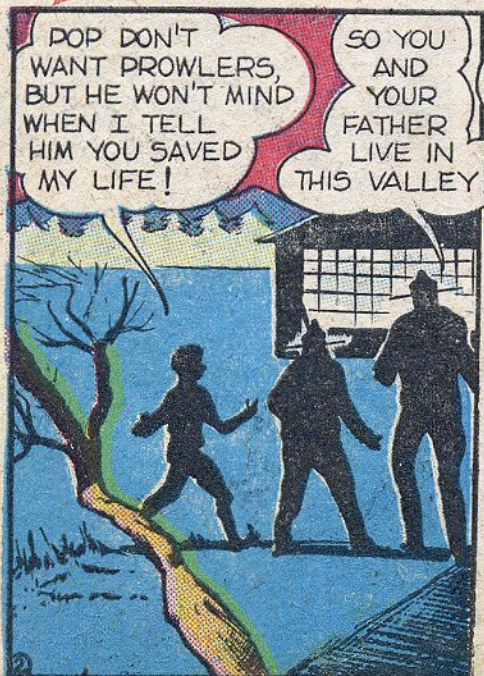


OUT O' OUR
WAY, REDSKIN!



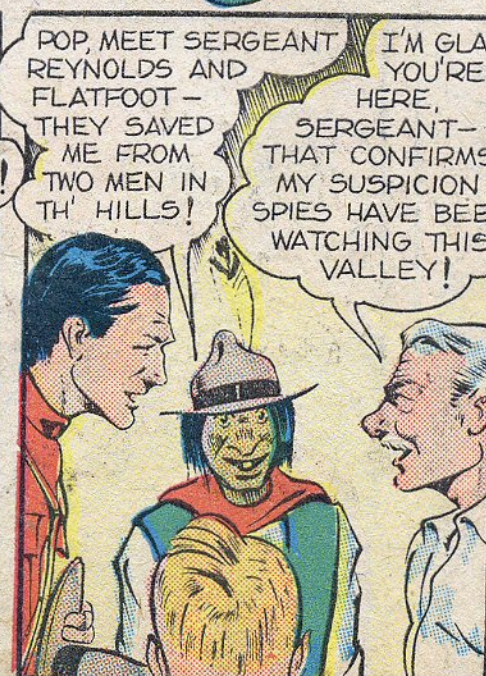
YOU SURE SCARED TH'
DAYLIGHTS OUT OF 'EM,
SERGEANT! I'M
JIMMY CUTTER!

OOOH!
HEAD
HURT...
ME
FLATFOOT-
PLEASED TO SAY
HOW DO-UM!



POP DON'T
WANT PROWLERS,
BUT HE WON'T MIND
WHEN I TELL
HIM YOU SAVED
MY LIFE!

SO YOU
AND
YOUR
FATHER
LIVE IN
THIS VALLEY!



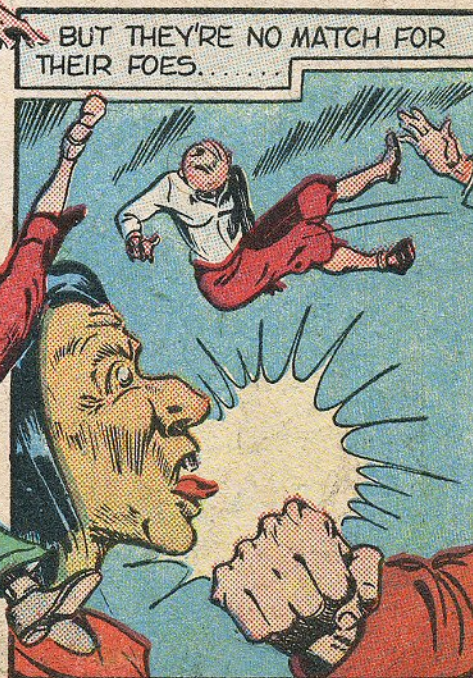
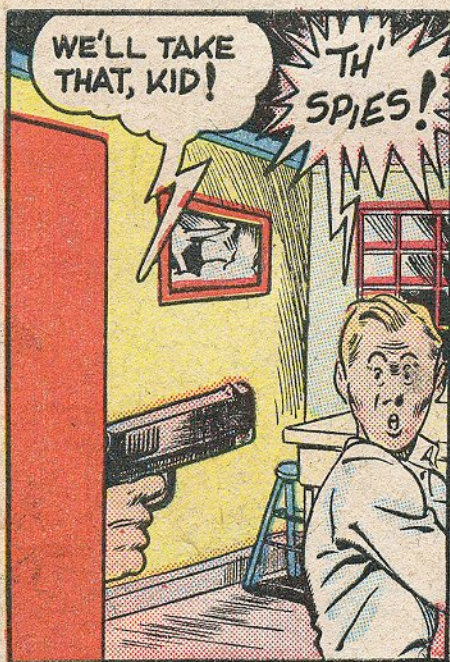
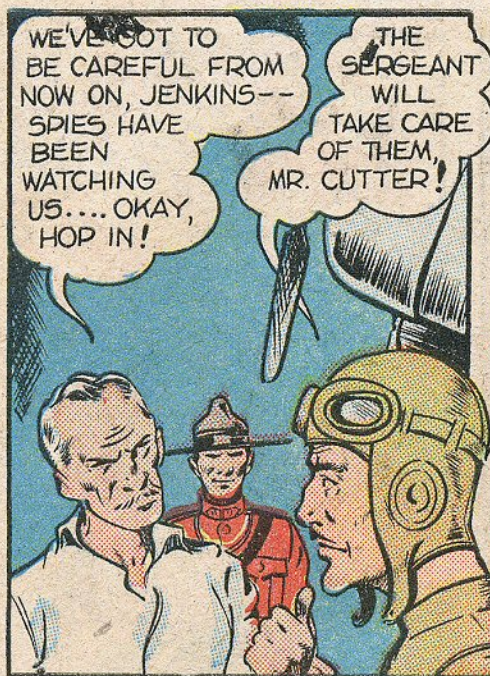
POP, MEET SERGEANT
REYNOLDS AND
FLATFOOT -
THEY SAVED
ME FROM
TWO MEN IN
TH' HILLS!

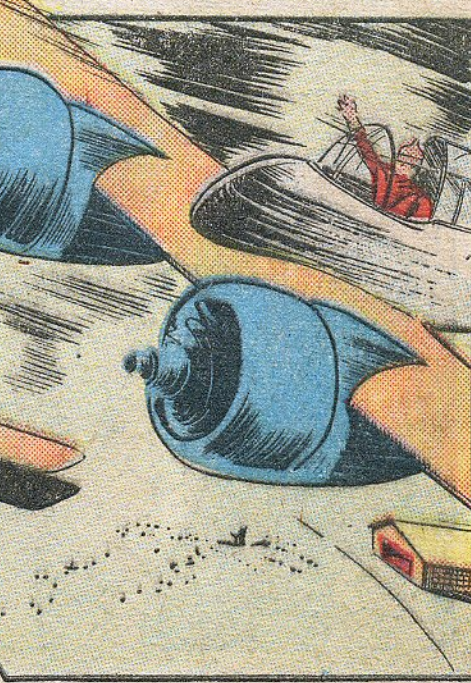
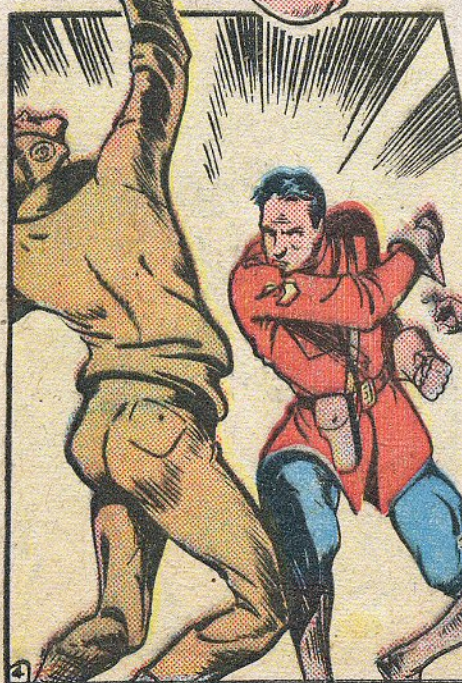
I'M GLAD
YOU'RE
HERE,
SERGEANT-
THAT CONFIRMS
MY SUSPICION
SPIES HAVE BEEN
WATCHING THIS
VALLEY!

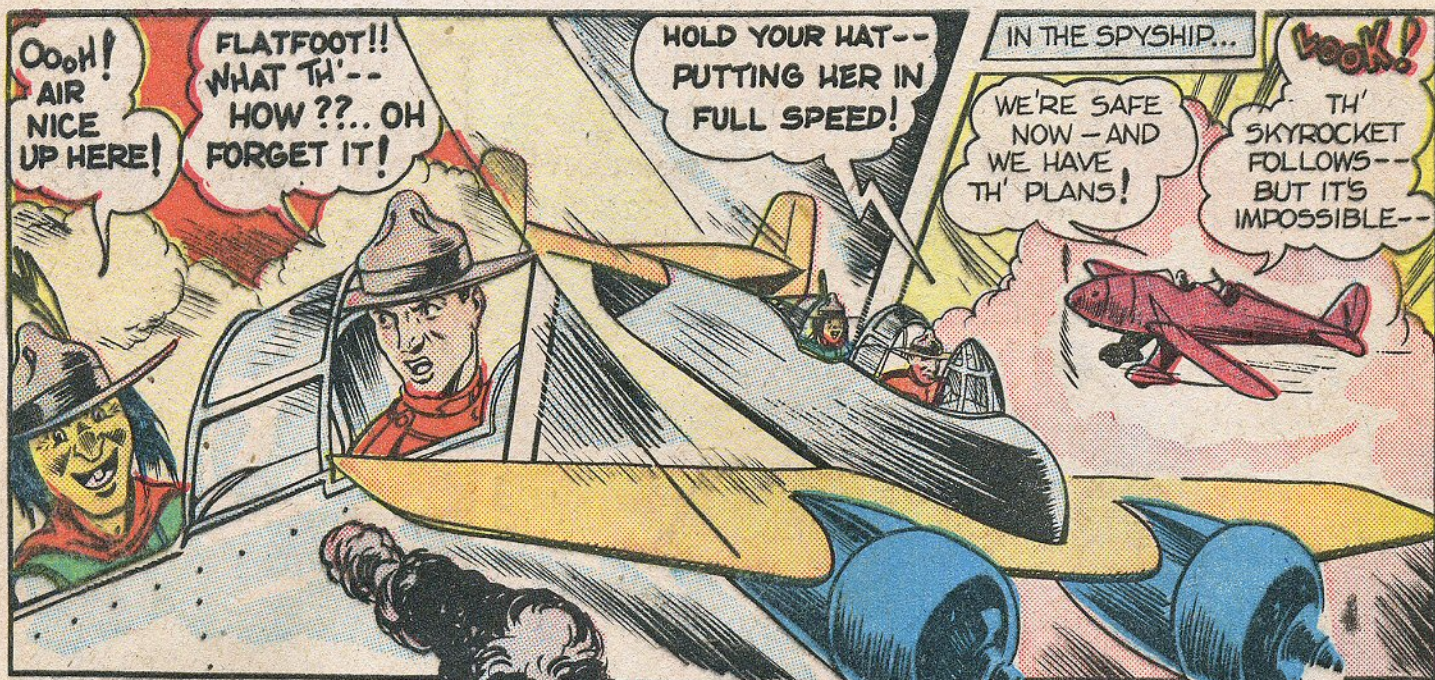


YOU'RE A
PLANE
DESIGNER
THEN!

RIGHT! THERE'S
MY NEW
SKYROCKET PLANE
READY FOR HER
TRIAL SPIN....
HERE COMES
JENKINS, MY
PILOT-- GOT TO
WARN HIM OF
THOSE SPIES!







Oooh!
AIR
NICE
UP HERE!

FLATFOOT!!
WHAT TH'--
HOW ??... OH
FORGET IT!

HOLD YOUR HAT--
PUTTING HER IN
FULL SPEED!

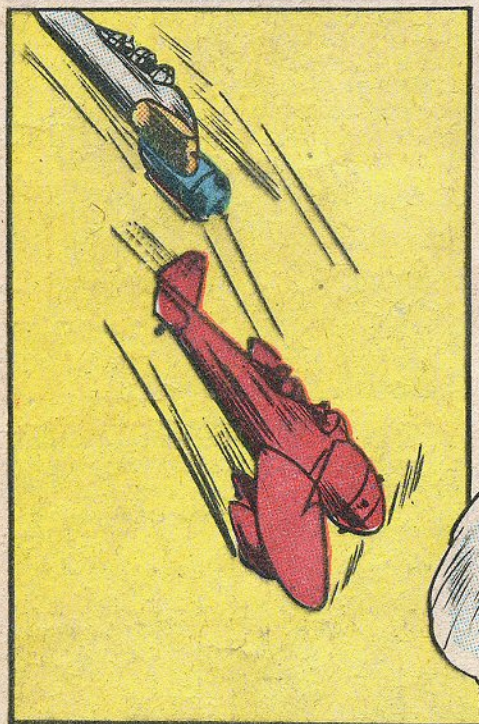
IN THE SPYSHIP...

WE'RE SAFE
NOW -- AND
WE HAVE
TH' PLANS!

Wook!

TH'
SKYROCKET
FOLLOWS--
BUT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE--

WITH A SUDDEN SWOOP THE
SUPERSHIP DIVES AT THE
SPYSHIP, GUNS BLAZING FIRE...



GREAT SCOTT--
FLATFOOT'S
GONE....WHAT
TH'--WELL
I'LL BE---

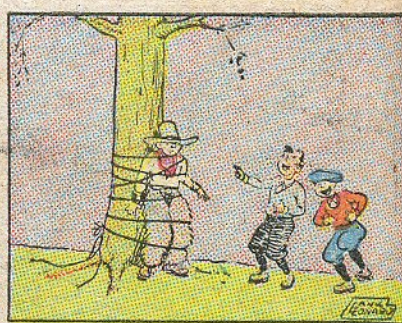
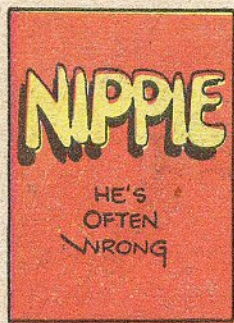


WELL FLATFOOT--
THE PLANS ARE
GONE BUT THEY DIDN'T
GET THE SKYROCKET--
THAT'S THE
MAIN
THING EH?

SERGEANT
RIGHT--
FLATFOOT
GETTUM
POINT

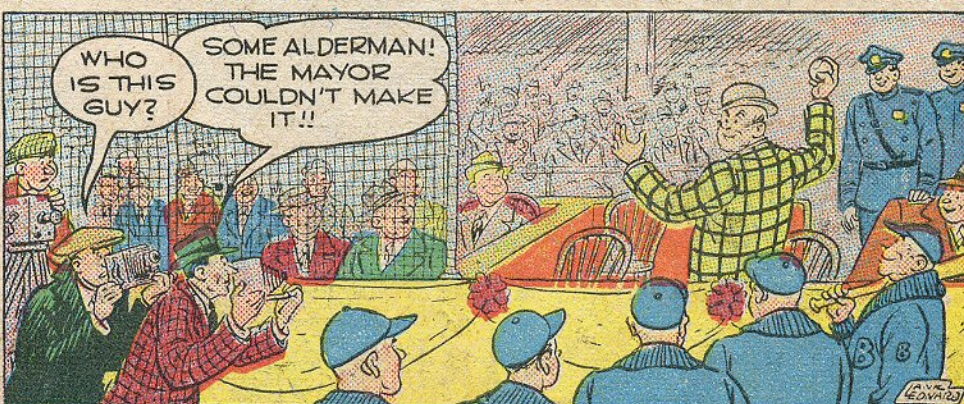
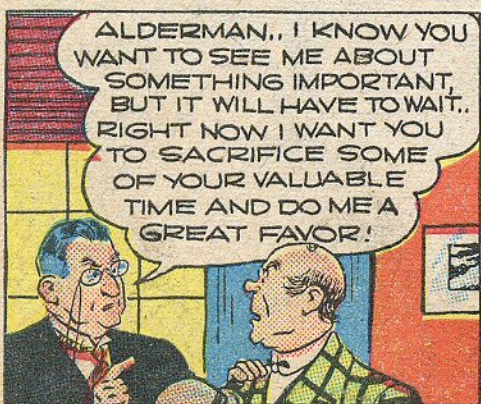
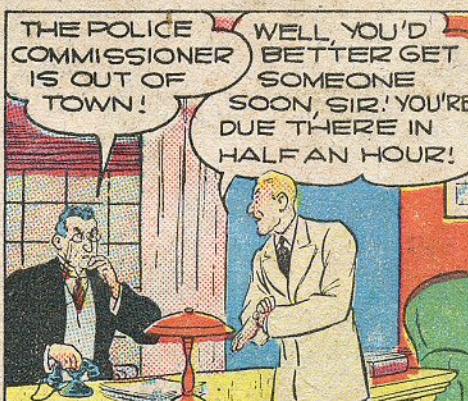
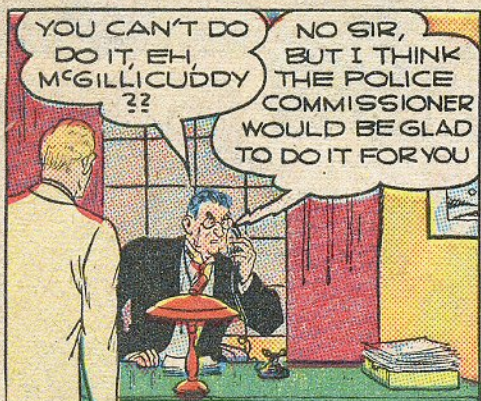
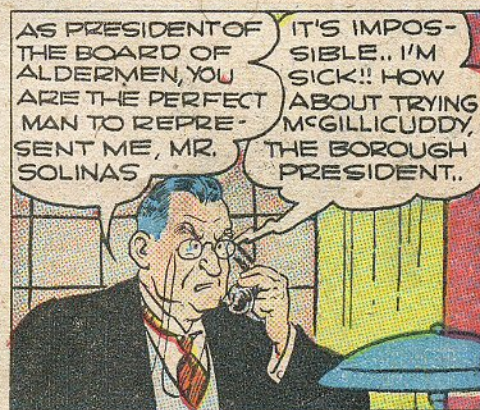
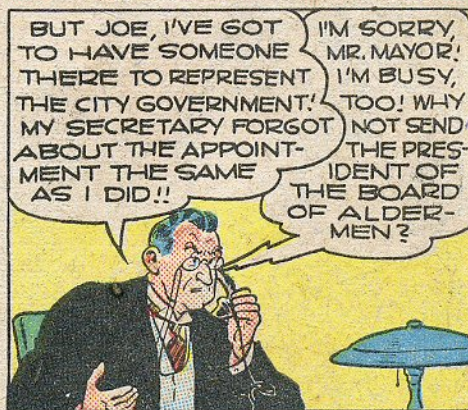
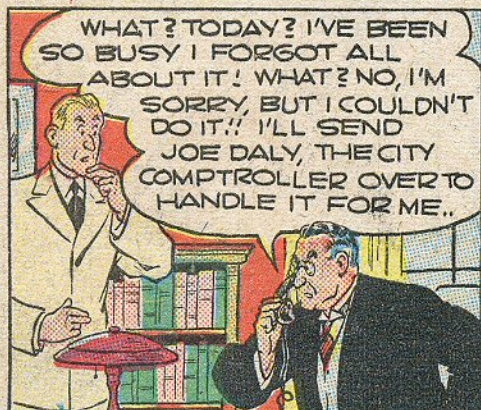
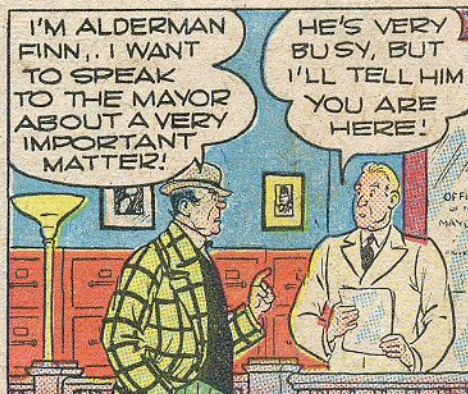
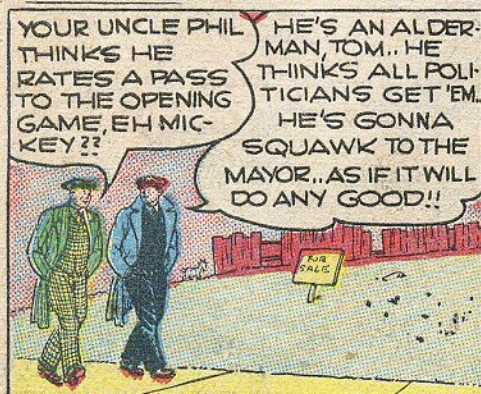
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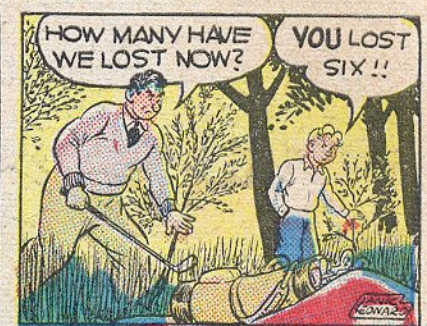
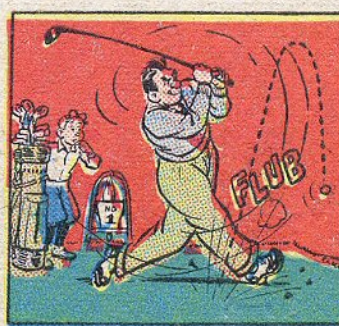
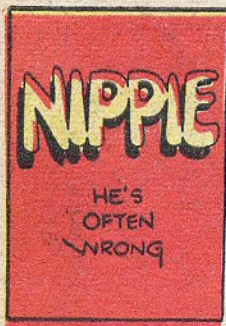




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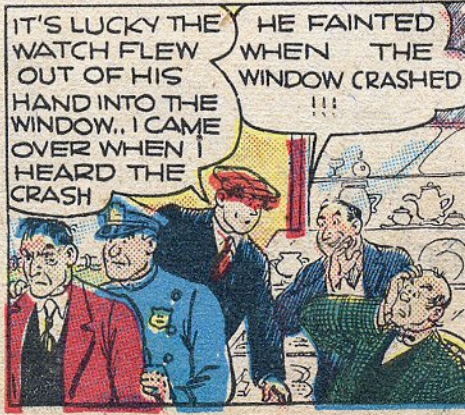
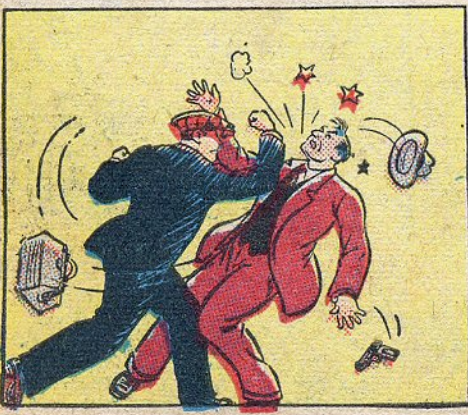
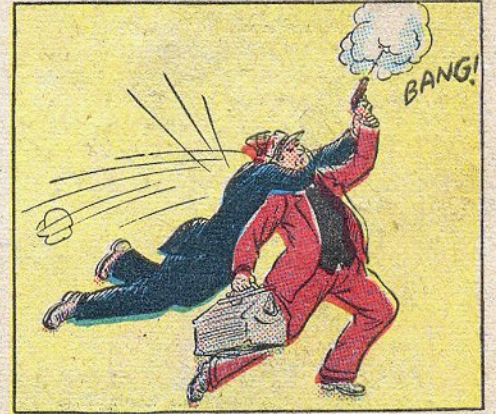
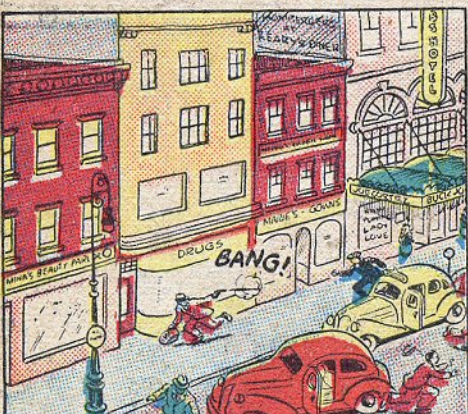
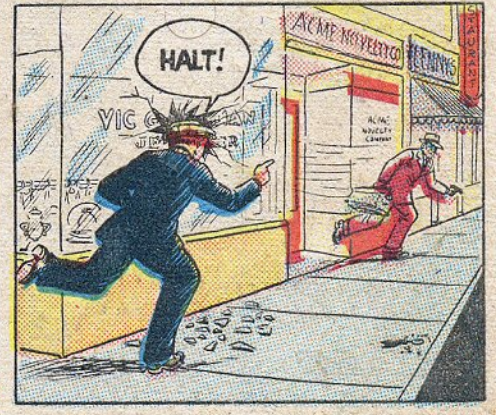
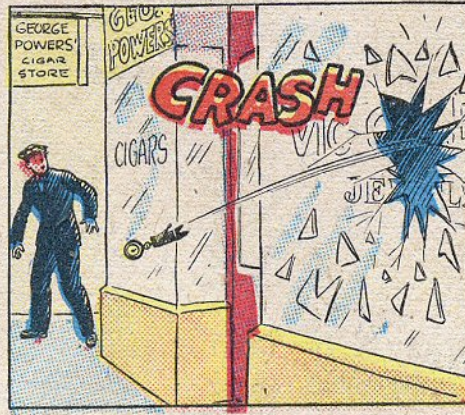
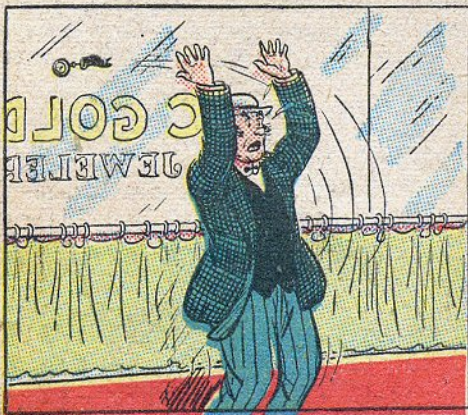
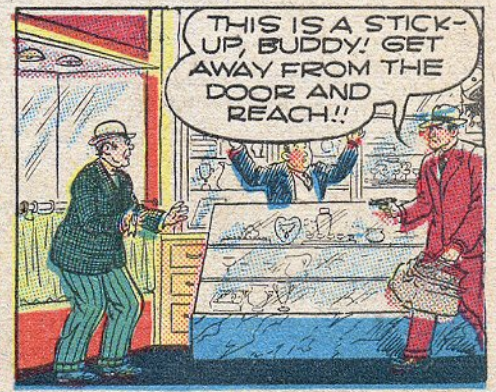
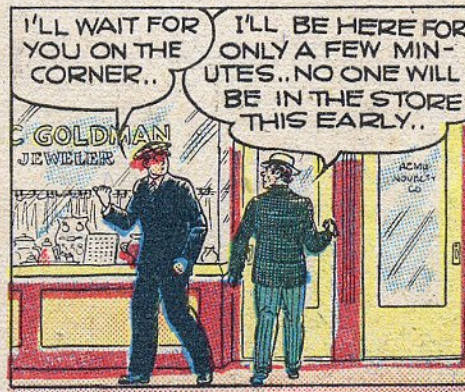
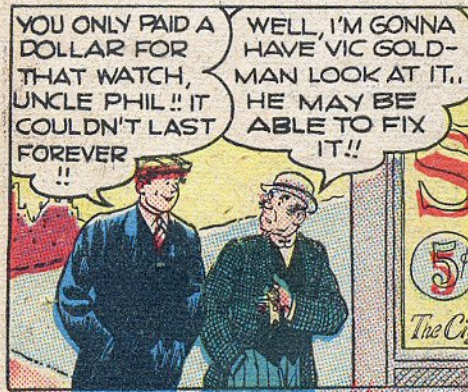
By LANK LEONARD

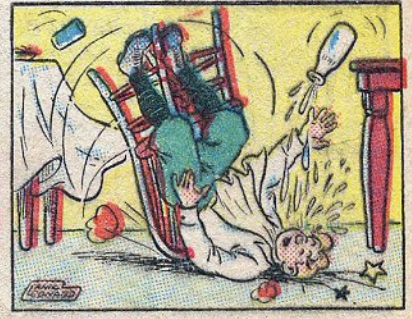
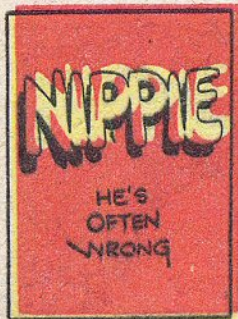




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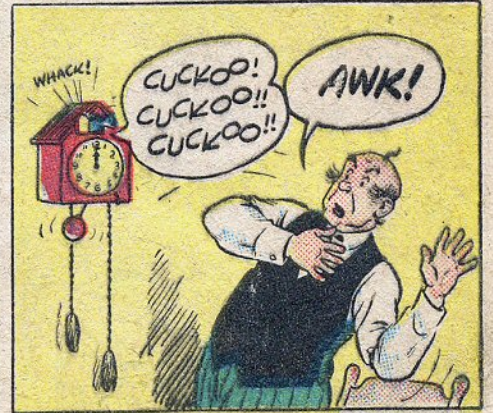
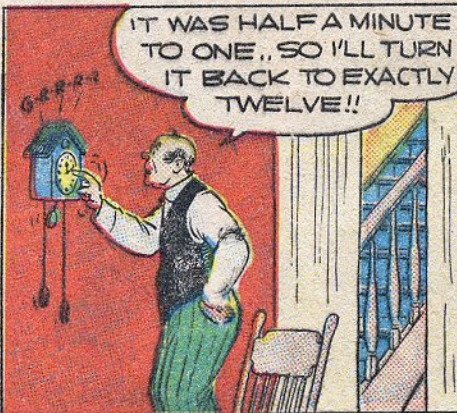
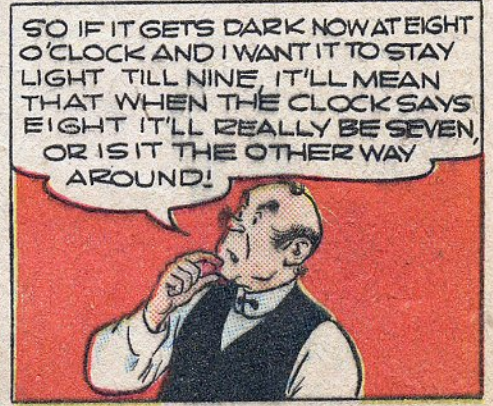
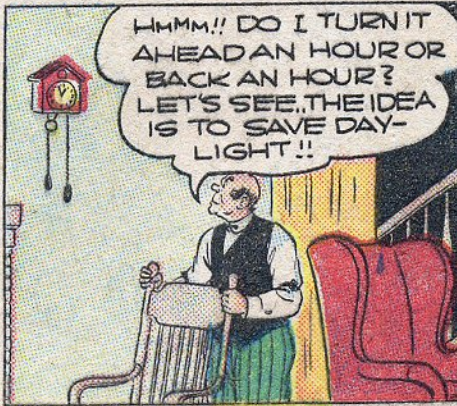
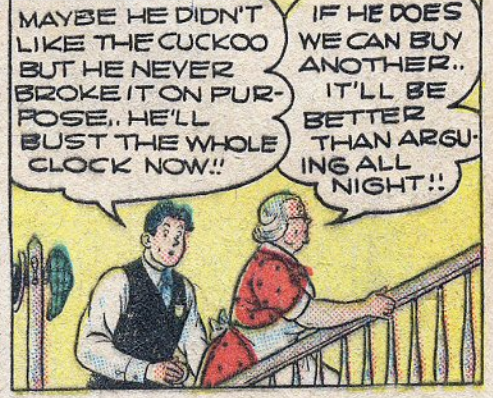
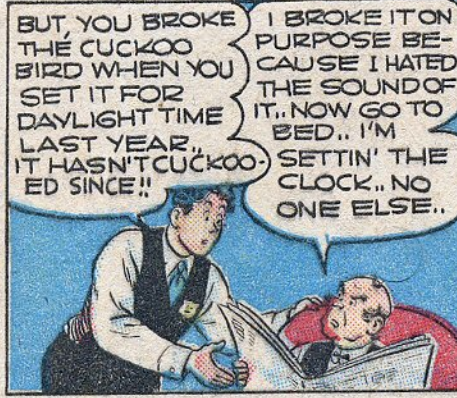
By LANK LEONARD

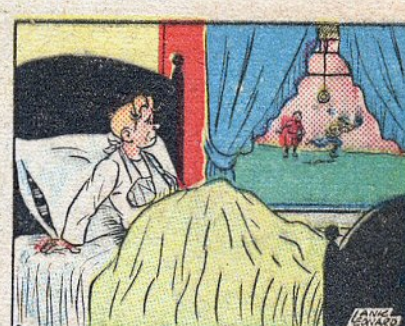
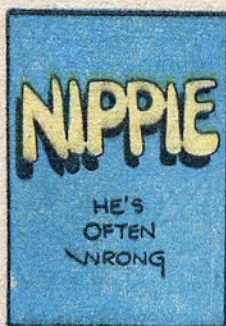




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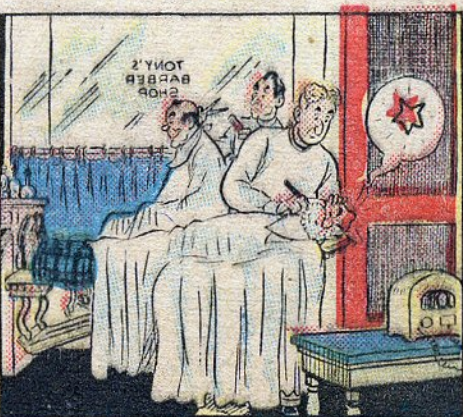
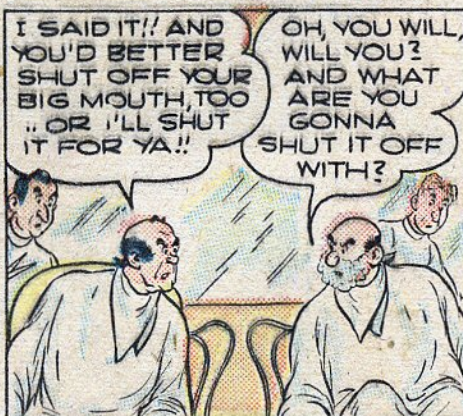
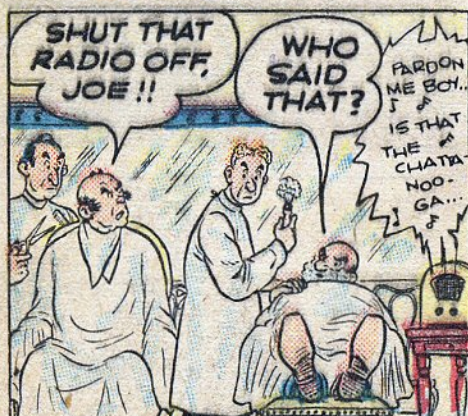
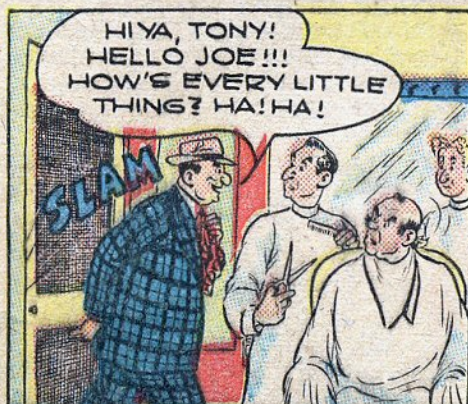
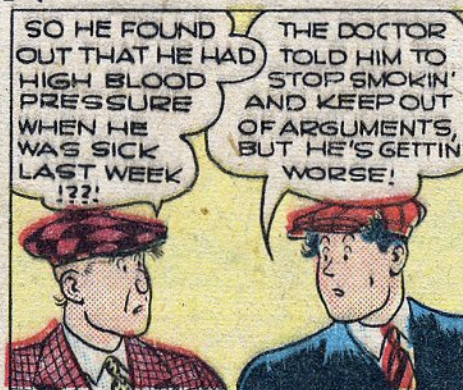
By LANK LEONARD





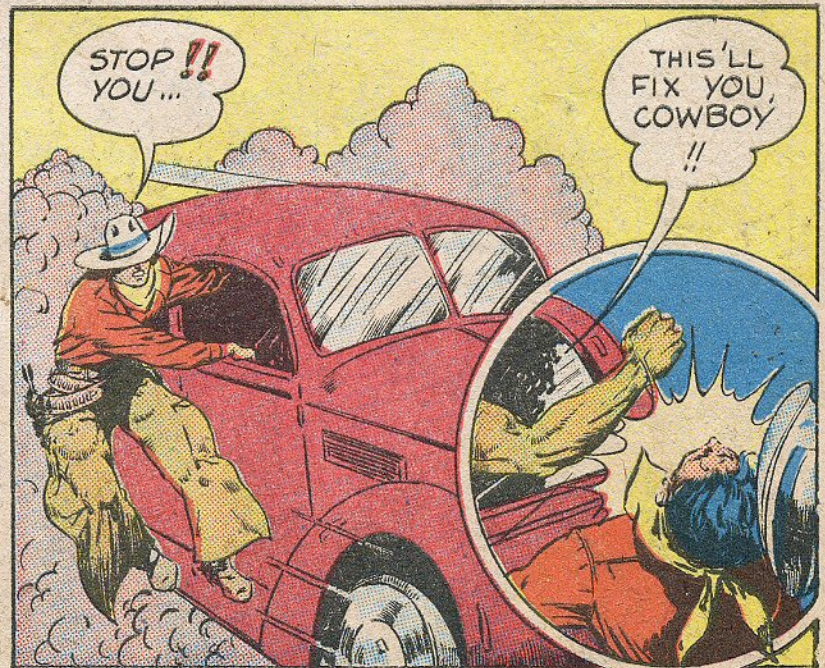
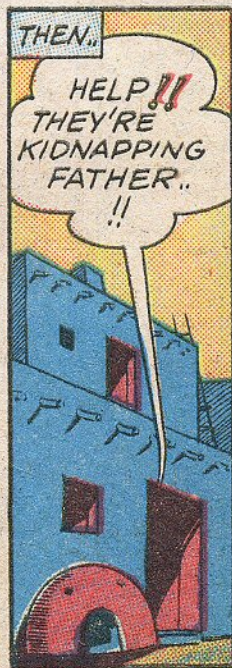
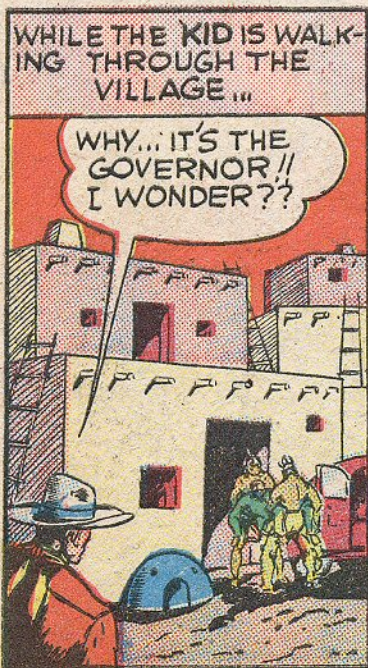
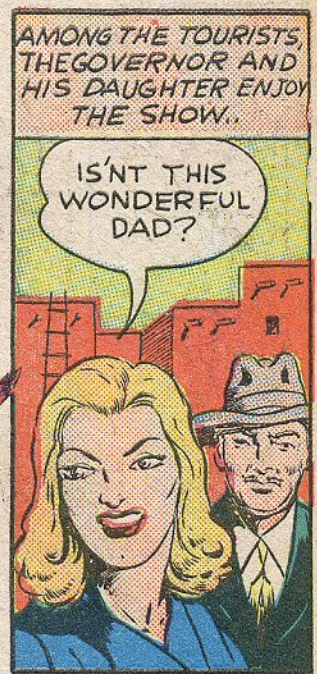
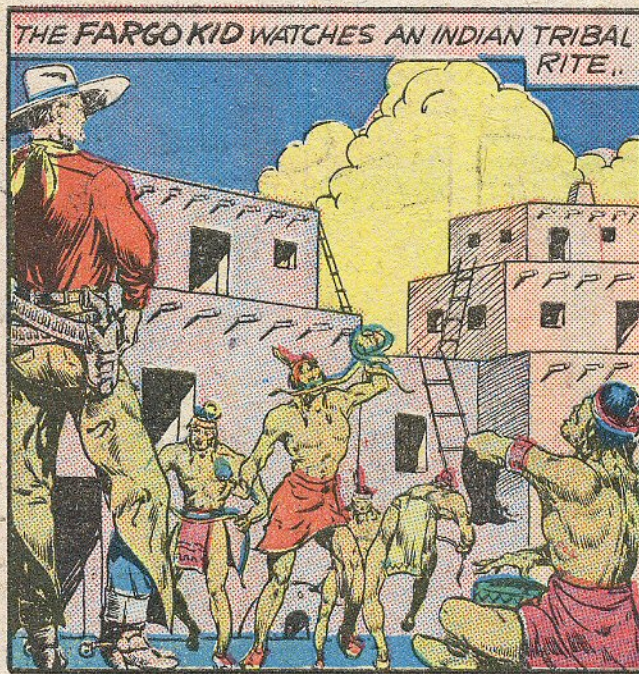
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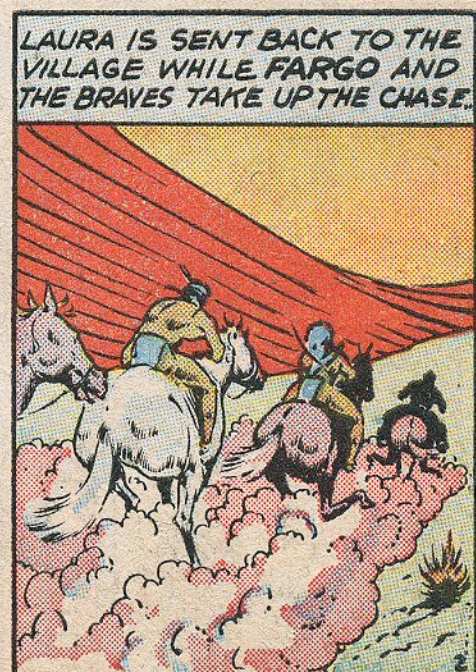
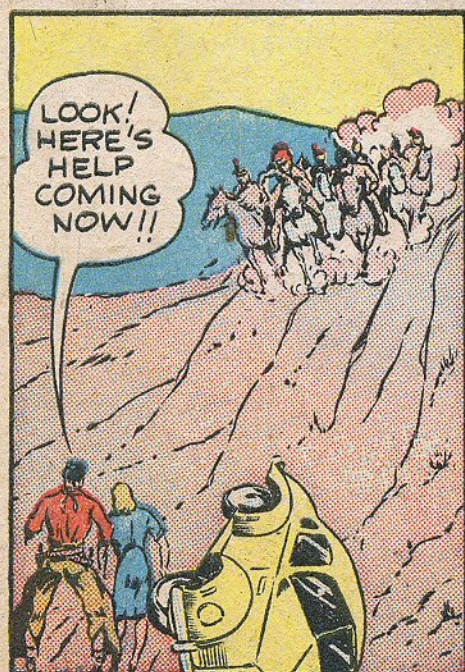
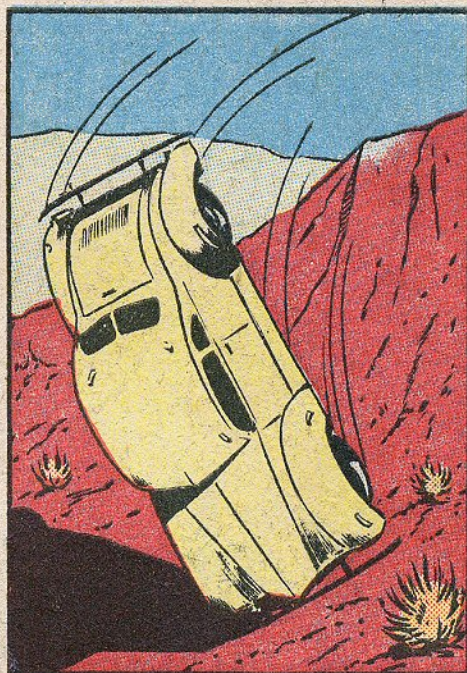
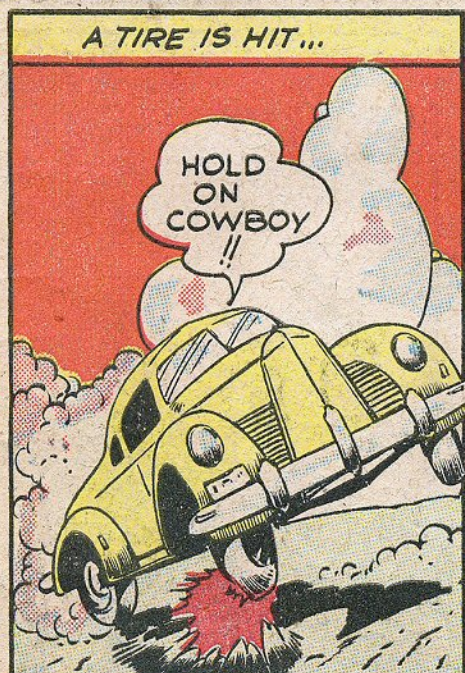
By LANK LEONARD



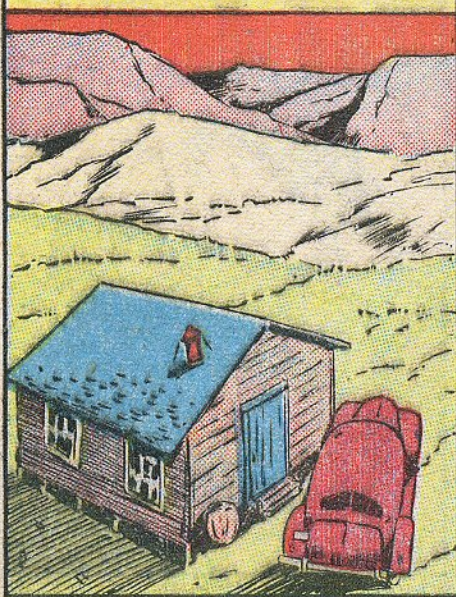
THE FARGO KID

THE INTREPID TIM TURNER, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID, IS THE WESTERN PLAINS STOUTEST DEFENDER OF JUSTICE..





THE KIDNAPPERS PULL UP TO AN OLD SHACK...



SO YA GOT 'IM, EH BOYS?

YEAH.. WITH OUR INDIAN CLOTHES IT WAS EASY !!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS..



LOOK GOVERNOR.. SIGN THIS RELEASE FOR SLATS MALLON...

THAT KILLER?? YOU CAN GO TO BLAZES.. I'LL NEVER DO IT !!



BOYS LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE TO USE SOME PERSUASION..



THE KID AND THE BRAVES ARE HOT ON THE TRAIL... SOON THEY REACH THE SHACK..



BACK IN THE SHACK...

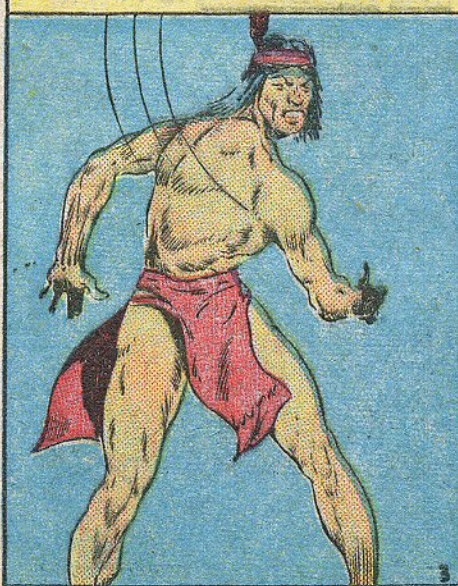


NO YOU DON'T! STICK 'EM UP !!

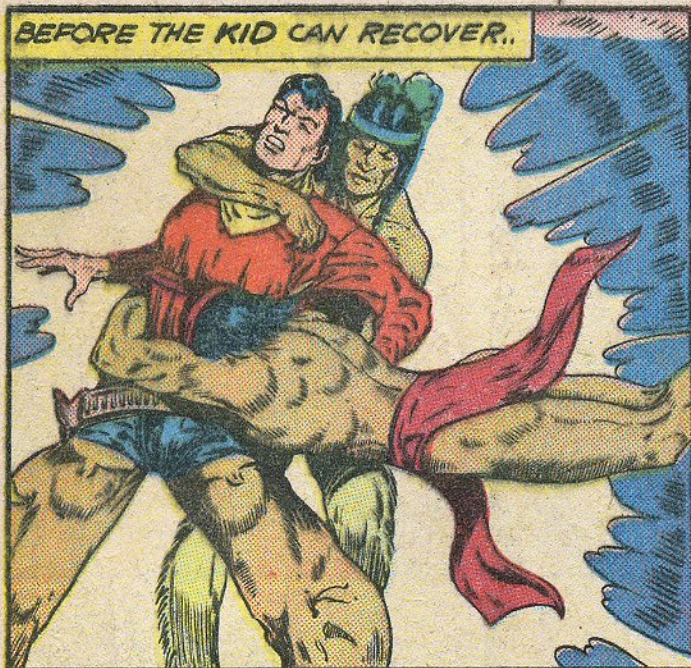
HUH?? WHAT TH'...



BUT THE FAKE INDIAN HEAVES THE POKER AT THE KID...



BEFORE THE KID CAN RECOVER..

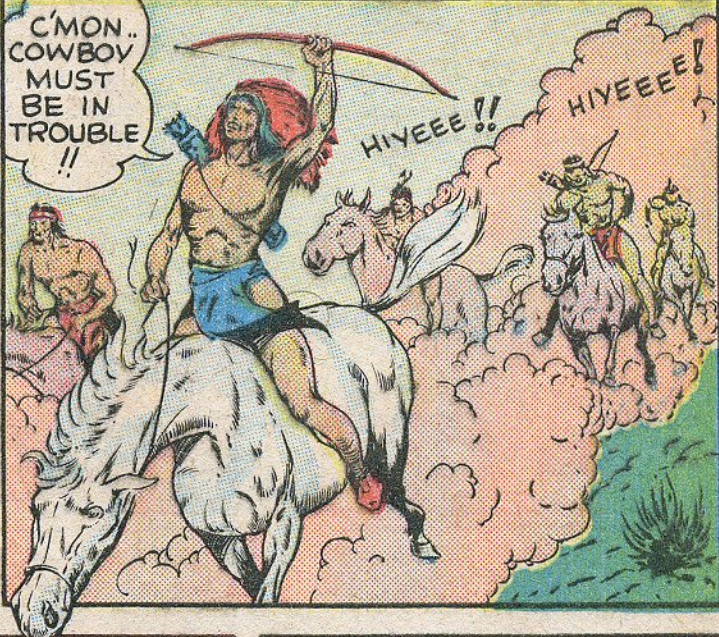


MEANWHILE THE INDIANS GET IMPATIENT..

C'MON..
COWBOY
MUST
BE IN
TROUBLE
!!

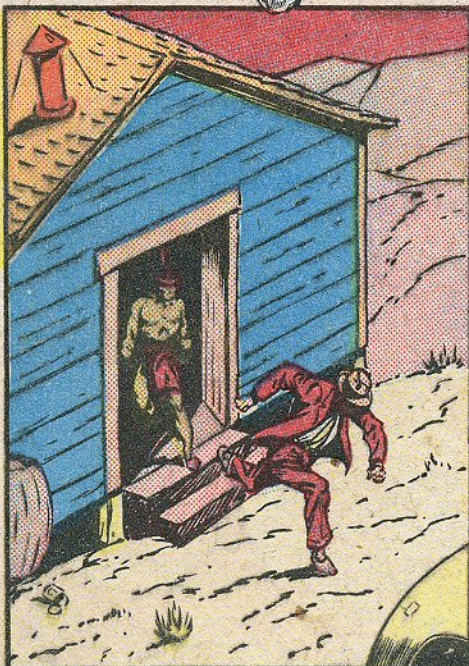
HIYEEE!!

HIYEEEE!



THE KIDNAPPERS HEAR THE
CLAMOUR OUTSIDE...

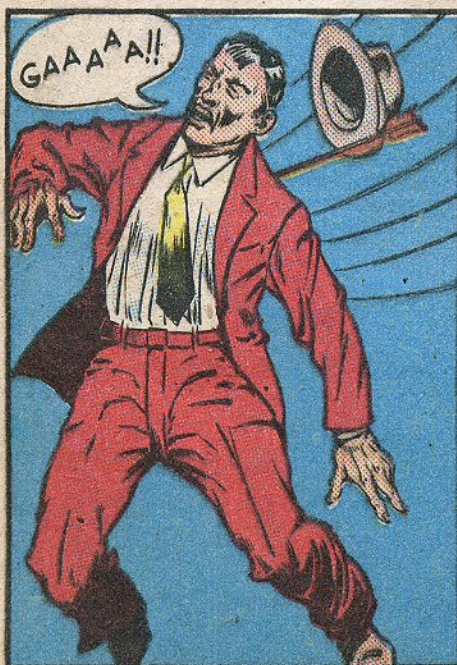
SOUNDS LIKE AN
ARMY!! LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!!



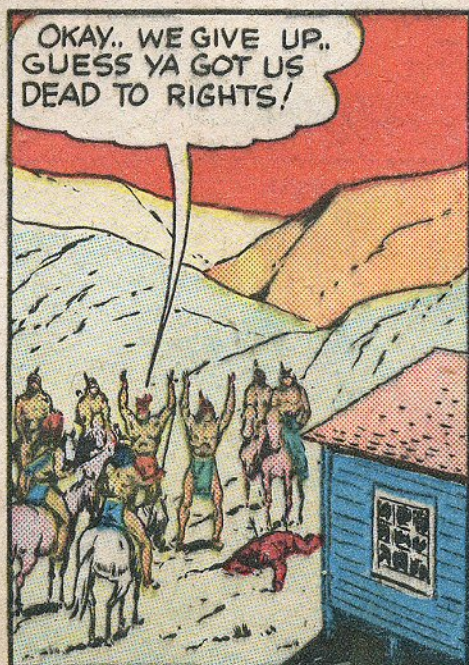
UGH... COWARDS
RUN... BUT THIS
WILL STOP
THEM..



GAAAAA!!



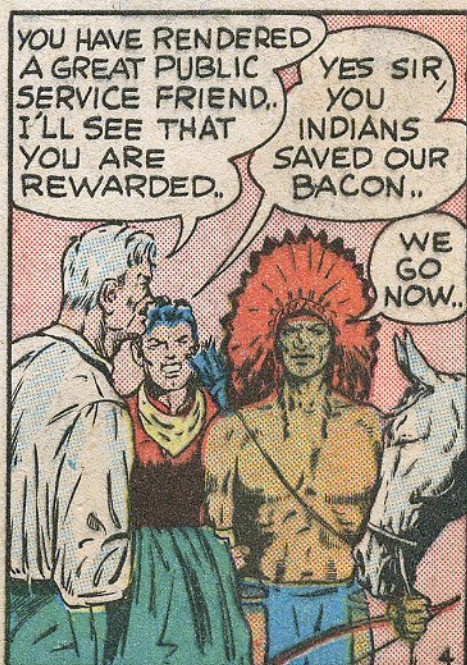
OKAY.. WE GIVE UP..
GUESS YA GOT US
DEAD TO RIGHTS!



YOU HAVE RENDERED
A GREAT PUBLIC
SERVICE FRIEND..
I'LL SEE THAT
YOU ARE
REWARDED..

YES SIR,
YOU
INDIANS
SAVED OUR
BACON..

WE
GO
NOW..



Zala Palooza

Dear Mister Palooza

I saw your advertisement in the "Matrimonial Gazette."

I am a young and wealthy widow with two lovely children.

Please call at my home on Monday--

A YOUNG AND WEALTHY WIDOW!

I SUPPOSE IT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPECT HER TO BE GOOD LOOKING!

OH--YOU'RE MISTER PALOOZA--AREN'T YOU?--PLEASE COME IN!

WOW!

HUH! OH!--ER-GULP--H'LO!

---AND MY TWO DARLING LITTLE CHILDREN--THEY'RE LONESOME, TOO--THEY NEED THE LOVE AND GUIDANCE OF A FATHER!

TSK, TSK!

YOU'RE SO UNDERSTANDING, MISTER PALOOZA--NOW, PLEASE EXCUSE ME WHILE I GET SOME REFRESHMENTS!

OH BOY! WHAT A SET-UP--VINCENT, YOU AND WORK WILL NEVER MEET AGAIN!

WHO'S THE FAT LUG, MONTEY? HEY! LOOK, HE TALKS TO HIMSELF!

PROB'LY ANOTHER DRIP TRYIN' TO CUT IN ON SOME OF MOM'S DOUGH!

WELL, HELLO, MY LITTLE MAN--WHERE IS YOUR BROTHER?

RIGHT BEHIND, YOU, FATSO--PUSH HIM, ALEX!

I'M TIRED OF THIS STEADY STREAM OF HALF-WIT FORTUNE HUNTERS, WHO WANT T'BE OUR PAPA!

YOU SAID IT--LET'S MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THIS ONE!

I'M TIRED OF THIS--LET'S BURN HIM AT THE STAKE, MONTEY!

O.K. ALEX!

D'YA THINK WE OUGHTA POUR A LITTLE KEROSENE ON BEFORE WE LIGHT HIM UP?

BOYS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO DEAR MISTER PALOOZA?

BUT WAIT, MISTER PALOOZA--WE COULD SEND THE CHILDREN SOMEWHERE!

I SUGGEST A FOXHOLE ON TH' BATAAN PENINSULAR--AND HEAVEN HELP THE JAPS!



Swing Sisson

by

PHIL
MARTIN



SWING Sisson, THE BATTLING BAND LEADER, LEAVES THE CLOVER CLUB, FOR HOLLYWOOD TO MAKE A MOVIE. BONNIE BAXTER, HIS VOCALIST, AND TOBY TUCKER, STAR SAX PLAYER GO ALONG ON THE THRILLING TRIP....

SWING IS LEADING HIS BAND AT THE CLOVER CLUB IN HIS LAST NUMBER FOR A FEW WEEKS....

...AND SO, FOLKS, WE LEAVE IN THE MORNING FOR HOLLYWOOD!



NEXT MORNING AT THE AIRPORT.

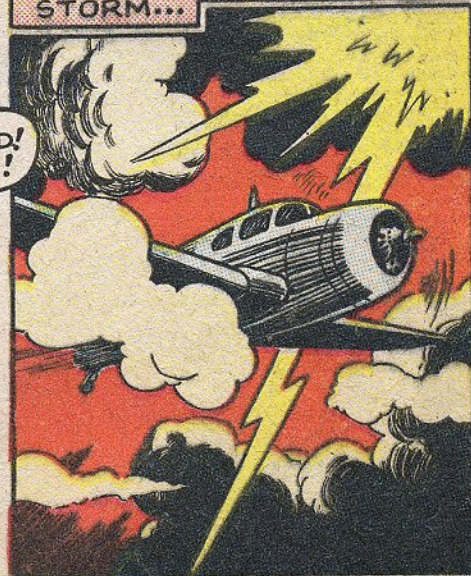
SO THE STUDIO IS GOING TO FURNISH THE BAND, EH, SWING?

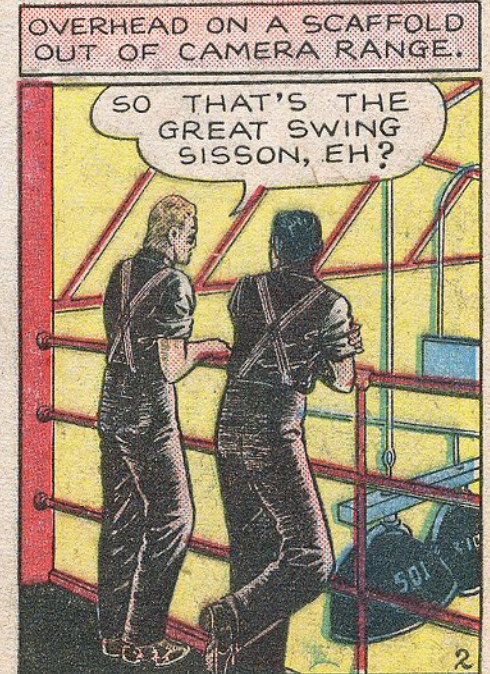
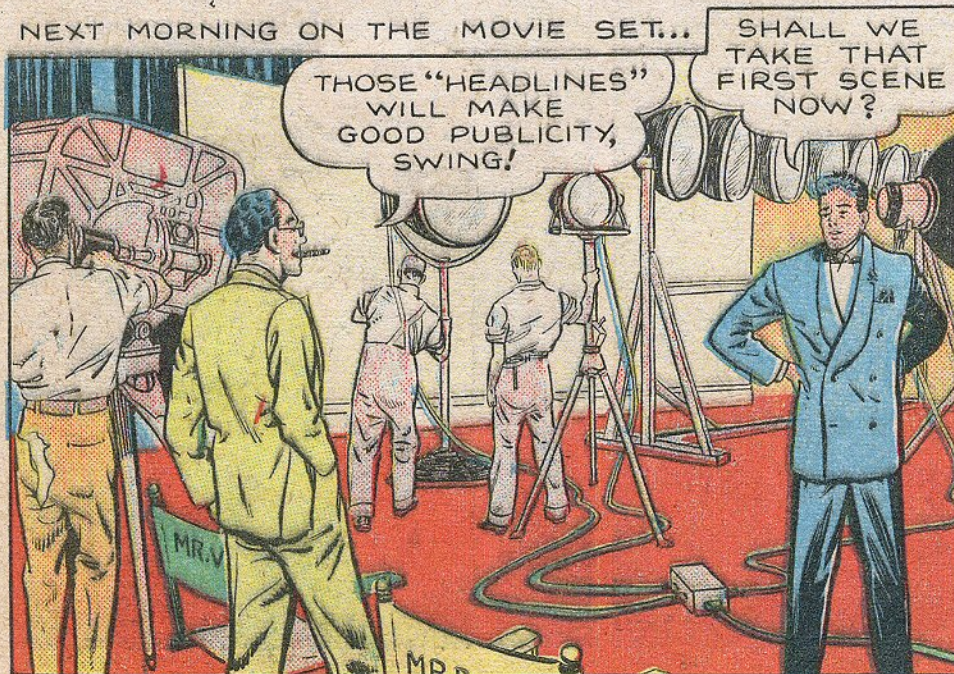
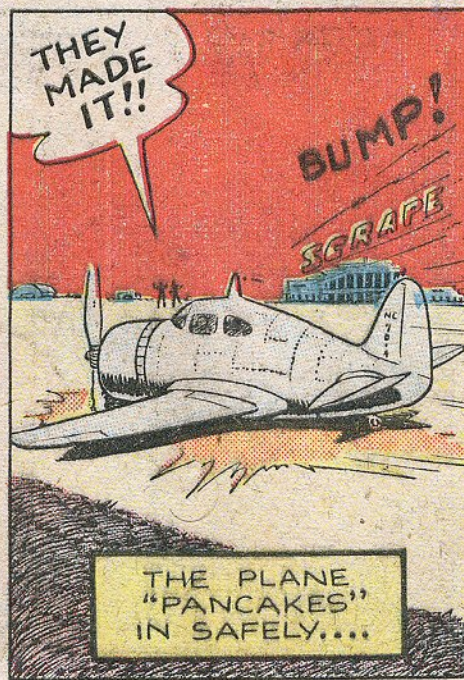
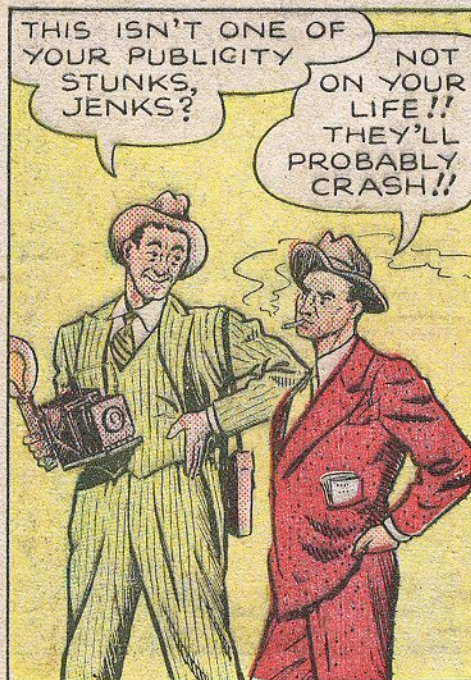
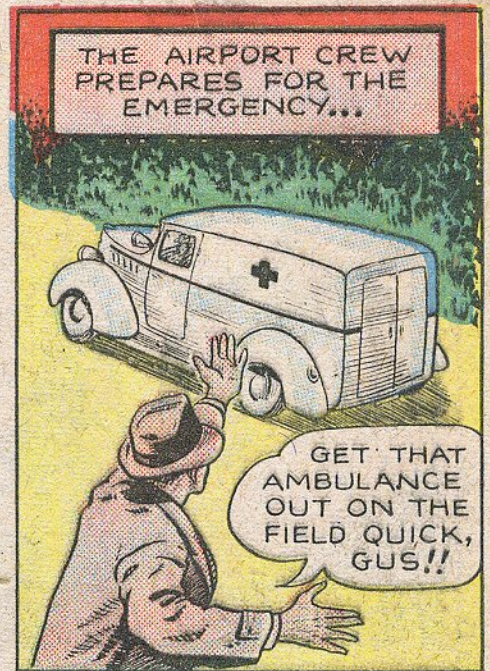
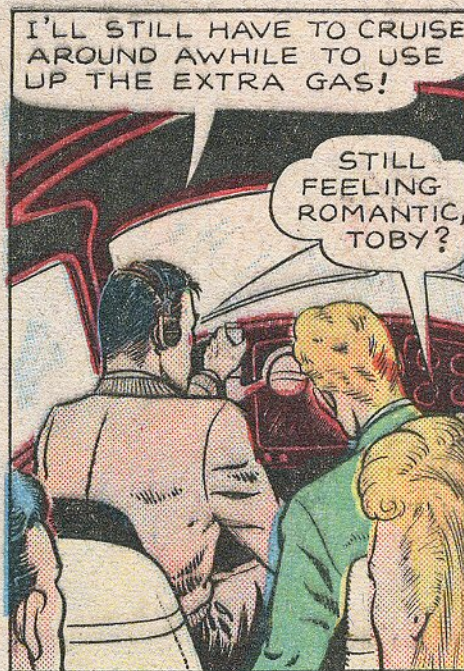
YES, BONNIE. IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE TO TRANSPORT A BAND ACROSS THE COUNTRY!

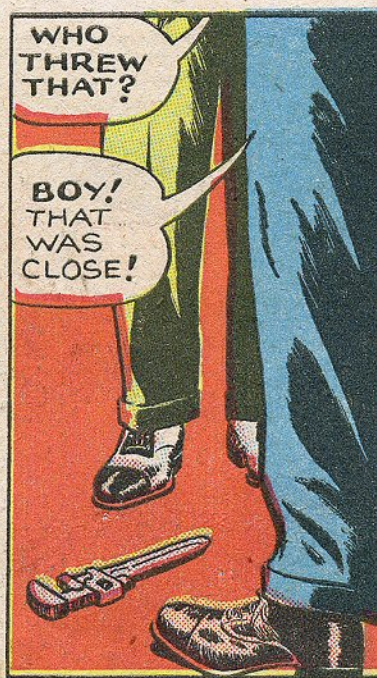
AH! HOLLYWOOD! ROMANCE!



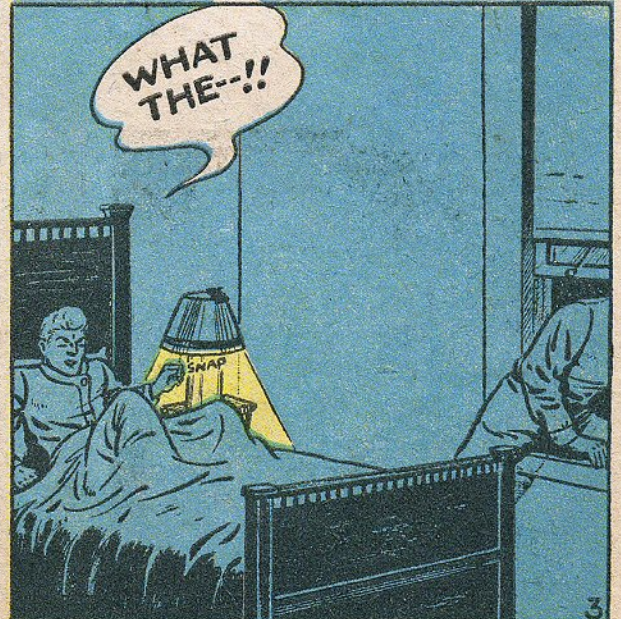
SOMEWHERE OUT WEST--- THE PLANE BATTLES A VIOLENT ELECTRICAL STORM---

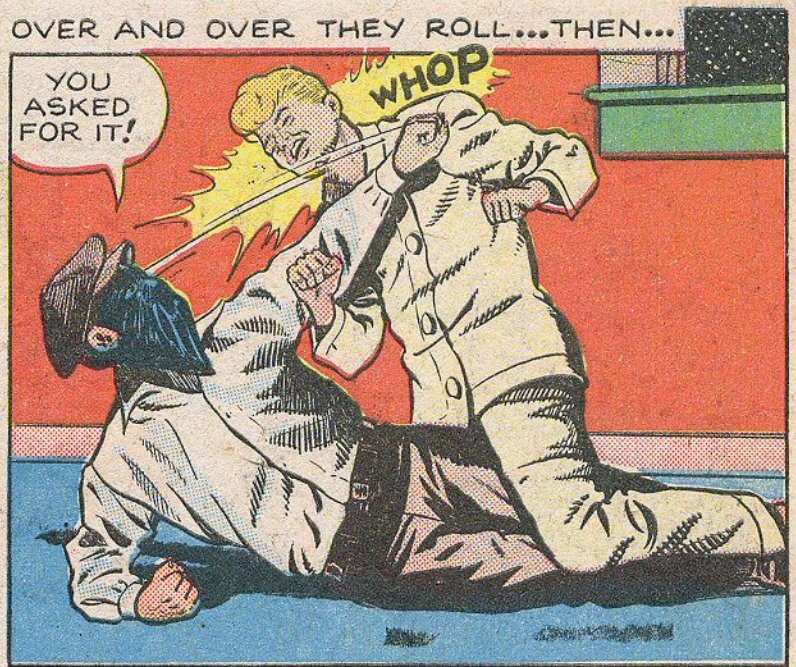
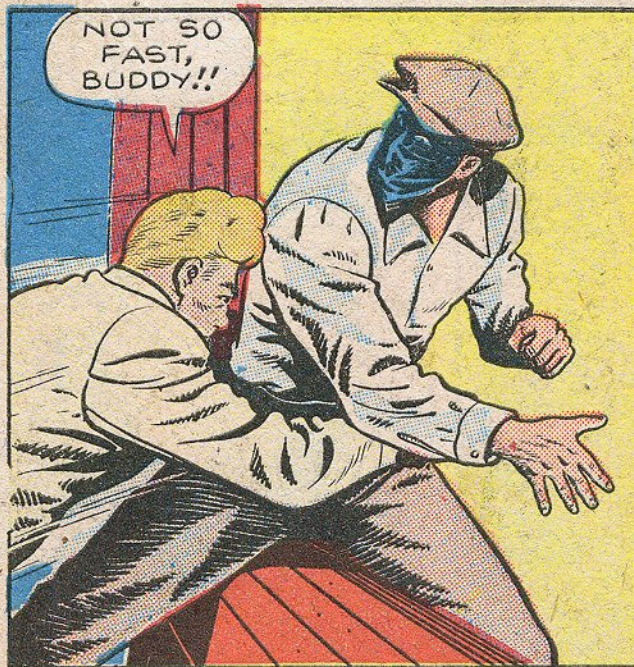






HE ENTERS...AND QUICKLY BLACKJACKS SWING! AS HE STARTS TO LEAVE, TOBY AWAKENS.





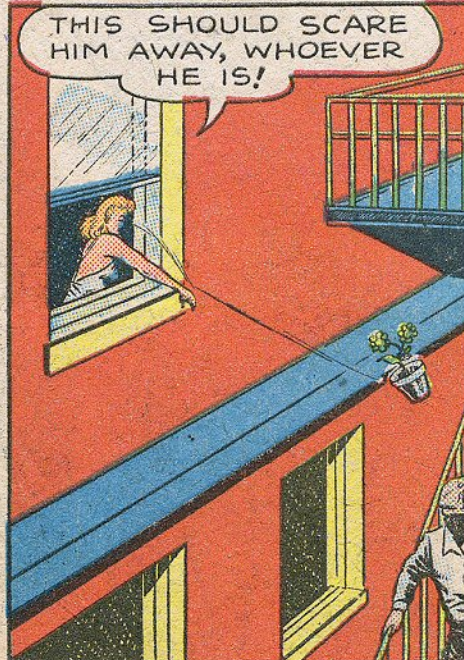
SOMEWHAT GROGGY, TOBY APPROACHES SWING'S BED...



THE HOUSE DETECTIVE INVESTIGATES



BACK IN BONNIE'S ROOM...



NEXT MORNING....



AFTER A FEW DAYS REST, SWING IS BACK ON THE MOVIE SET.

WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE, SWING. DO YOU MIND WORKING LATE?

NOT AT ALL!

LATER THAT NIGHT....

AND I THOUGHT ACTING WAS A CINCH!

ME TOO! IF I WERE'NT SO TIRED, I'D GO SEE A MOVIE!

LET'S GO HOME! I CAN USE SOME SHUT-EYE!

THIS CAR ISN'T ROLLING AT ALL!

STOP AND I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

THEN I KNOW WE'LL HAVE TO WALK!

SOMEBODY MUST HAVE CROSSED THESE WIRES, SWING!

A CAR'S STOPPING. MUST WANNA HELP US!

THEY'RE TOO LATE! I'VE GOT IT FIXED!

IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN!

SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU, SISSON!

THE MASKED MAN DOESN'T NOTICE BONNIE UNTIL...

TAKE THAT!! YOU MASKED MARVEL!

NICE WORK, BONNIE! AND HERE'S ONE FOR THAT CONK ON THE HEAD!!



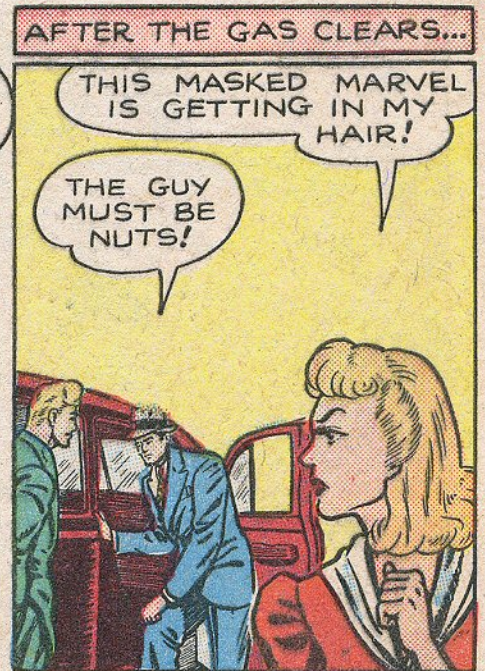
AND HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU!

THE MAN REACHES INTO HIS COAT POCKET...



IT'S TEAR GAS !!

YEAH! AND A PERFECT GET AWAY, TOO!



AFTER THE GAS CLEARS...

THIS MASKED MARVEL IS GETTING IN MY HAIR!

THE GUY MUST BE NUTS!



BACK AT THE HOTEL...

DO YOU REALLY THINK HE'LL BE BACK AGAIN, SWING?

I'M TAKING NO CHANCES--- THAT'S WHY I'M FIXING THIS DUMMY!



THIS TIME THERE'LL BE NO SLIP-UP!



AS SWING SNAPS ON THE LIGHT...

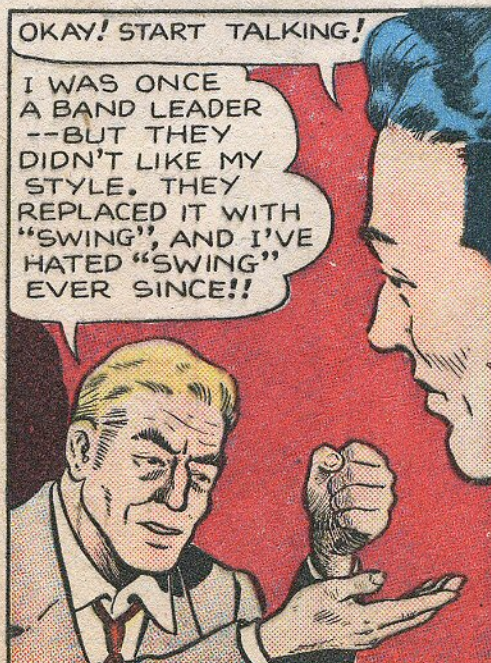
FOOLED AGAIN, EH?

OH, YEAH!



SWING'S SOLID SMACK RIPS OFF THE MASK....

WHY--IT'S THE GUY FROM THE STUDIO!



OKAY! START TALKING!

I WAS ONCE A BAND LEADER --BUT THEY DIDN'T LIKE MY STYLE. THEY REPLACED IT WITH "SWING", AND I'VE HATED "SWING" EVER SINCE!!



ON THE MOVIE SET....

SO THE MASKED MARVEL WAS REALLY CRAZY!

IF IT ALL HADN'T BEEN SO REAL, I'D THINK IT WAS A MOVIE!

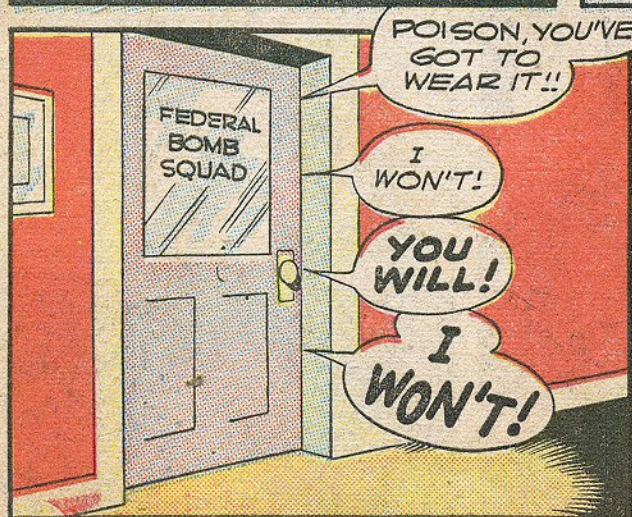
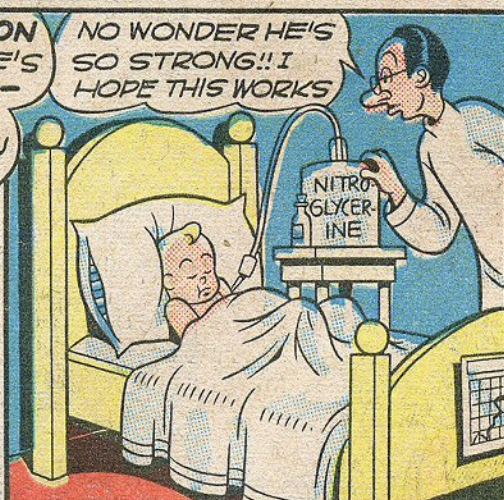
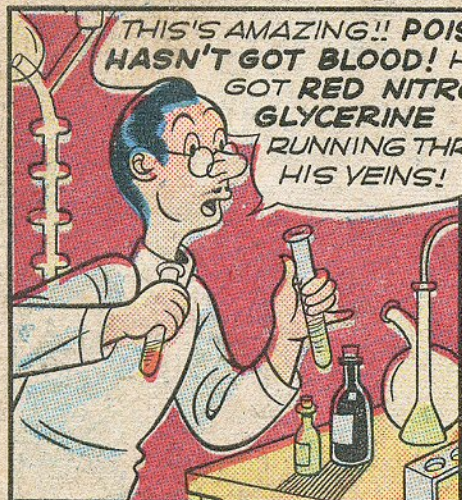
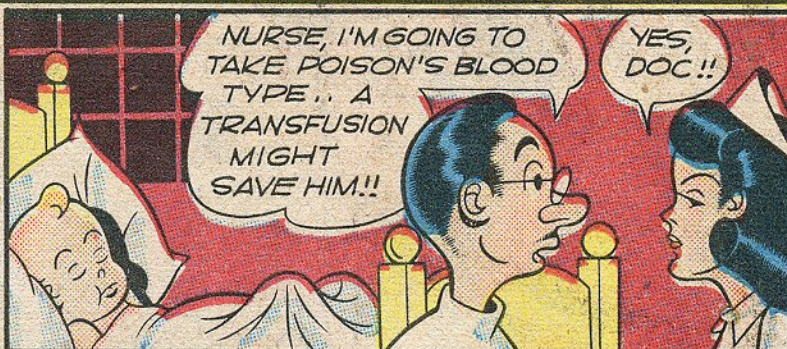
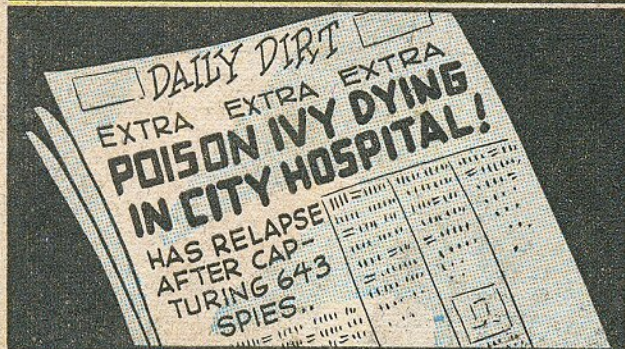
FOR A THRILL A MINUTE, SWING ALONG WITH SWING SISSON!

Don't miss the next exciting adventure of Swing Sisson.



POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE
by GILL FOX-



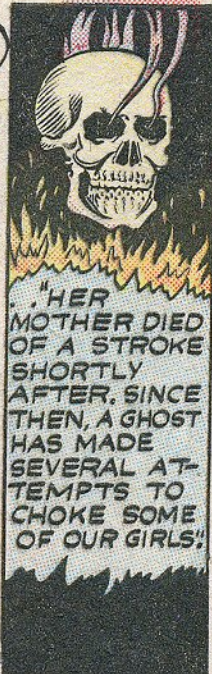
ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

By
NOEL FOWLER



ONE OF THE GIRLS COMMITTED SUICIDE BECAUSE SHE WASN'T ADMITTED INTO OUR SORORITY, AND STRANGELY ENOUGH...



"HER MOTHER DIED OF A STROKE SHORTLY AFTER. SINCE THEN, A GHOST HAS MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO CHOKE SOME OF OUR GIRLS!"

WHAT'S THAT?

IT MUST BE THE GHOST AGAIN!

HELP!



WHAT HAPPENED, PEGGY?

A GHOST... IT CLUTCHED MY THROAT AND... AND SHOUTED... BETTY.



I'M WORRIED ABOUT BETTY... SHE WAS THE DEAD GIRL'S CLOSEST FRIEND... I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR SEVERAL HOURS...

I SEE!



SUDDENLY, A GHOSTLY SPECTRE SHIMMERS THROUGH THE ROOM.

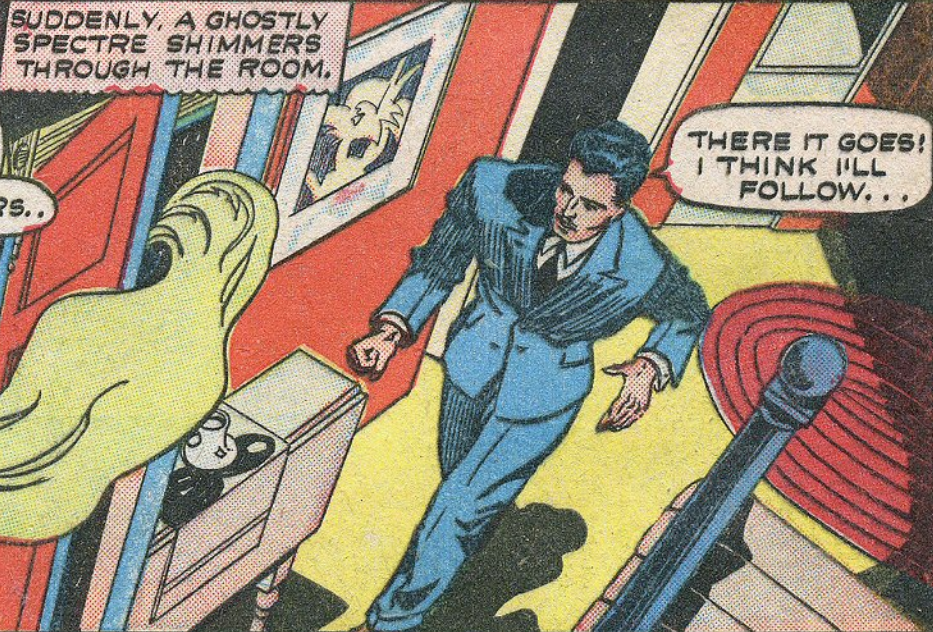
MY DAUGHTER'S DEATH SHALL BE AVENGED!



HELP! ULP!

THAT MUST BE BETTY!

THERE IT GOES! I THINK I'LL FOLLOW...



I SHALL RETURN... BEWARE!

I'LL BE READY FOR YOU NEXT TIME!

OH!



THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS. THAT POOR KID IS IN DANGER!



LATER THAT NIGHT..

MR. ZERO WANTS TO SEE YOU, BETTY.. HE'S IN THE LIBRARY.

OH! WHY DOESN'T EVERYBODY LEAVE ME ALONE?

I'VE GOT A FEELING BETTY KNOWS A LOT MORE THAN SHE'S SAYING!

YOU SENT FOR ME, MR. ZERO?

COME IN, BETTY.. TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS SUICIDE BUSINESS!

ALL RIGHT, MR. ZERO.. ALICE TOOK POISON BECAUSE SHE FLUNKED IN HER EXAMS.. I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS IT.. THE BLAME WAS PUT ON THE SORORITY.

HER MOTHER PROBABLY THINKS I'M TO BLAME FOR KEEPING HER OUT OF THE SORORITY!

MR. ZERO.. I CAN'T REACH MY MOTHER TO EXPLAIN. SHE IS TRYING TO MURDER BETTY.

OH, IT'S ALICE!

WAIT.. YOU CAN HELP US?

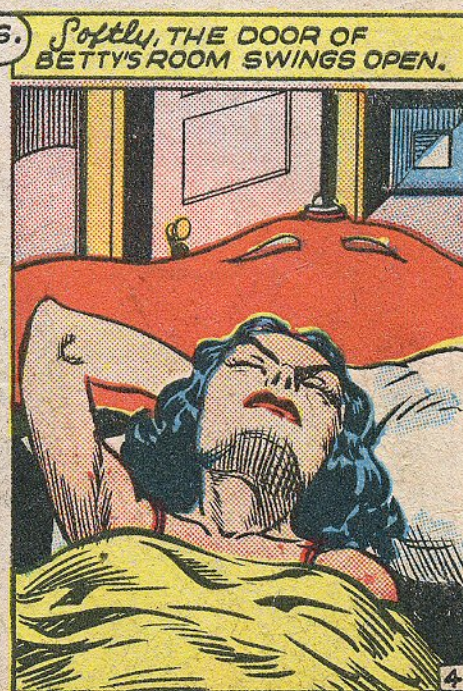
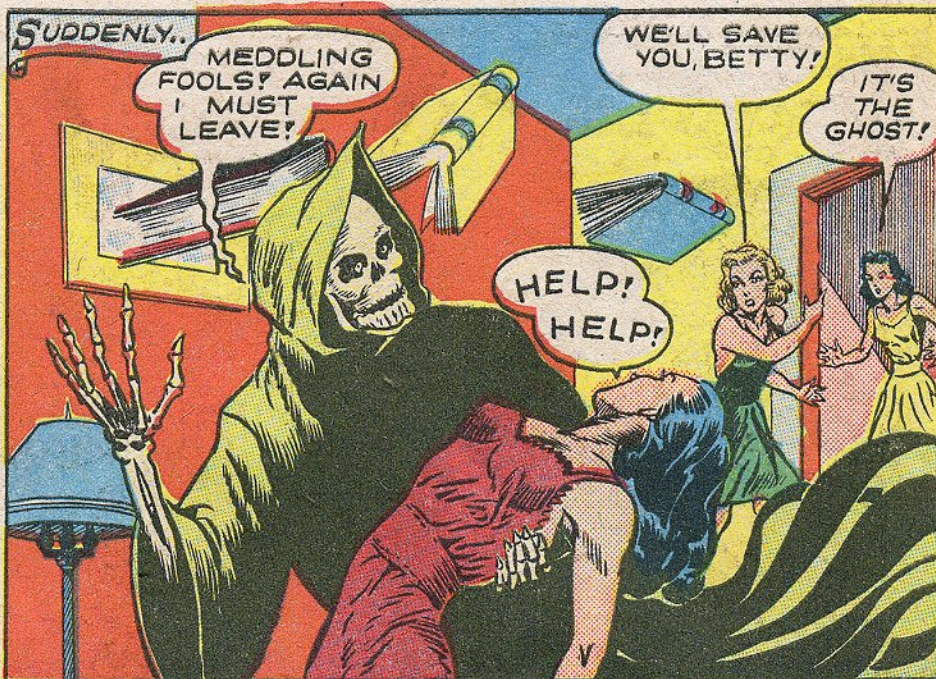
I MUST GO!

IF YOU'RE WILLING, WE CAN LURE THE MOTHER GHOST BACK TO US AND TRY TO EXPLAIN THE REAL STORY.

I'LL DO ANYTHING, MR. ZERO, ANYTHING!

PRETEND YOU ARE READING, BETTY.. I'M SURE THIS SET UP WILL BRING HER BACK.

YOU'LL BE CLOSE BY, WON'T YOU?



Meanwhile...

GREAT SCOTT! MY HEAD... I'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF THIS...

UNCLE ZERO... COME QUICK! BETTY IS GONE! SHE'S NOT IN HER ROOM!

STOP, MOTHER, STOP!

THERE'S THE GIRL'S GHOST... SHE'S HEADED FOR THE GARDEN!!

I'M COMING TOO!

OH... BETTY!

STOP!

NO YOU DON'T, MRS. GHOST!

YOU FOOL! AH!!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BETTY... WE'RE WITH YOU NOW!

OH!

WAIT, MOTHER! BETTY IS INNOCENT! SHE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MY DEATH! BELIEVE ME!

ALICE!

COME, MY CHILD... WE SHALL GO FOREVER...

OH, MOTHER! I'VE BEEN SO UNHAPPY!

WELL, GIRLS, I GUESS YOU WON'T BE TROUBLED BY THOSE TWO ANY LONGER!

WE THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

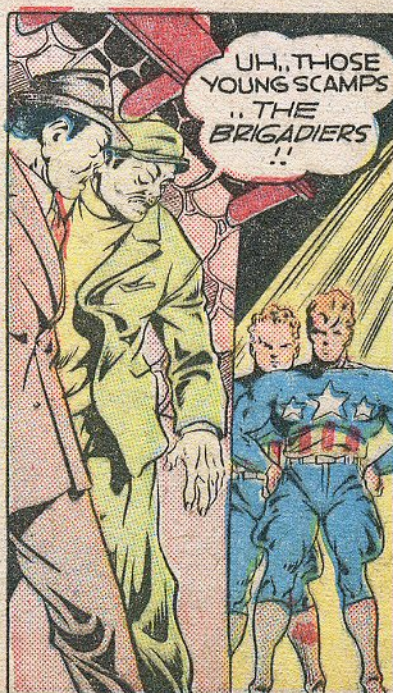
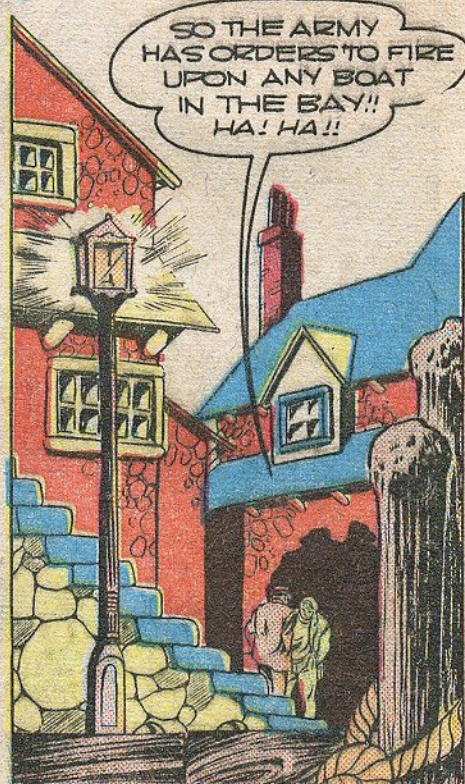
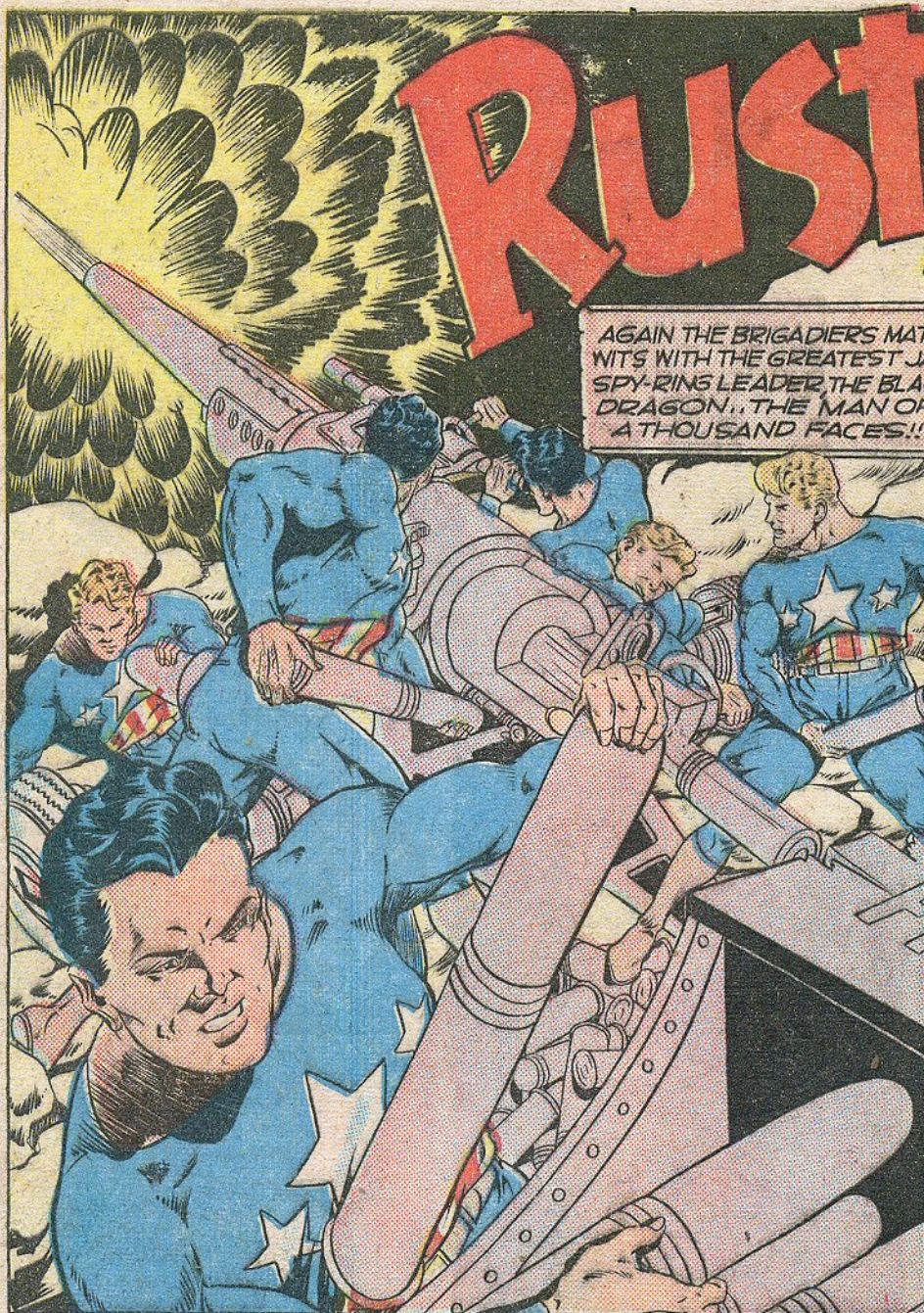
THANKS TO YOU, MR. ZERO!

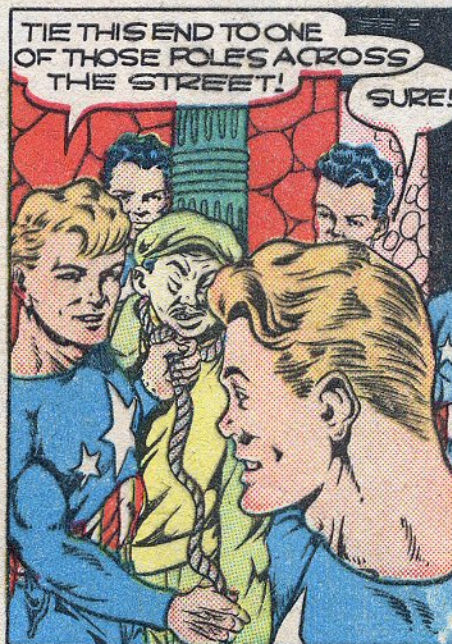
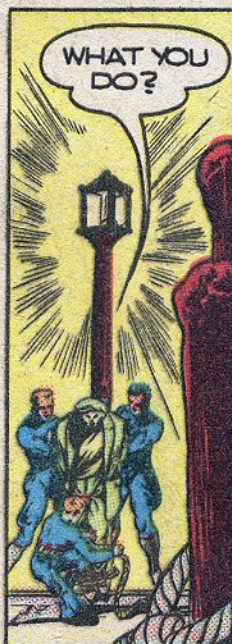
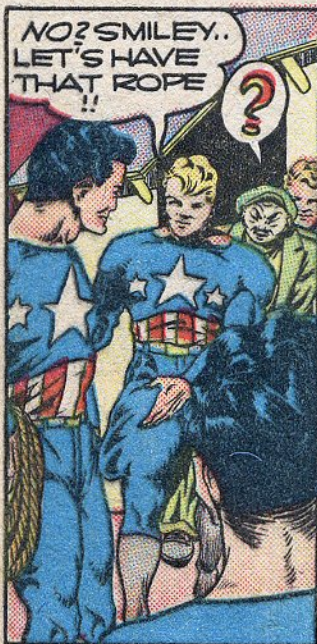
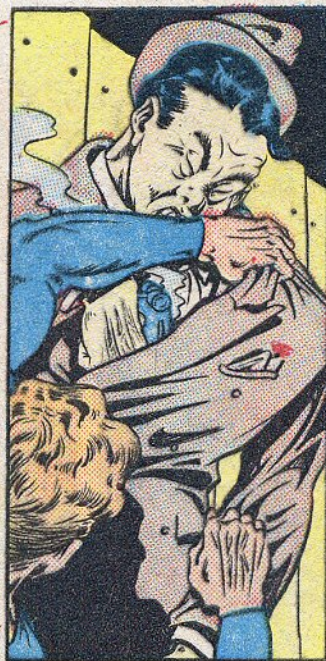
RUSTY RYAN

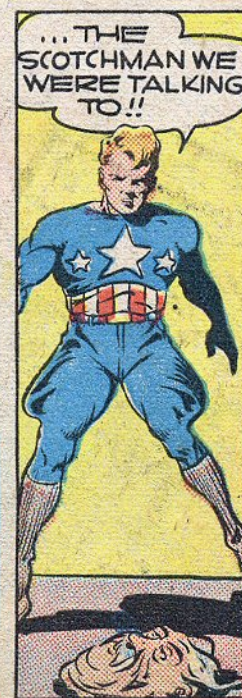
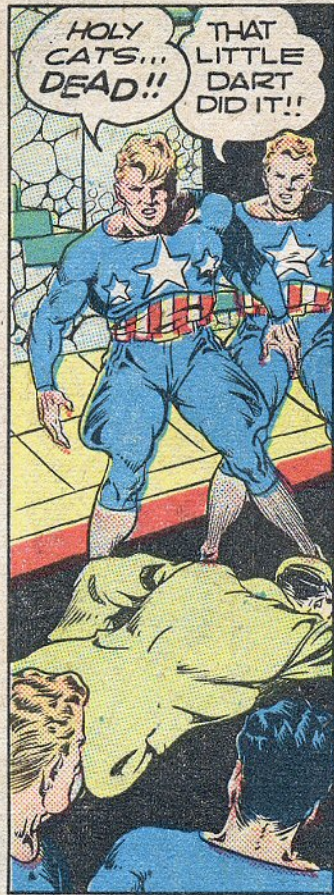
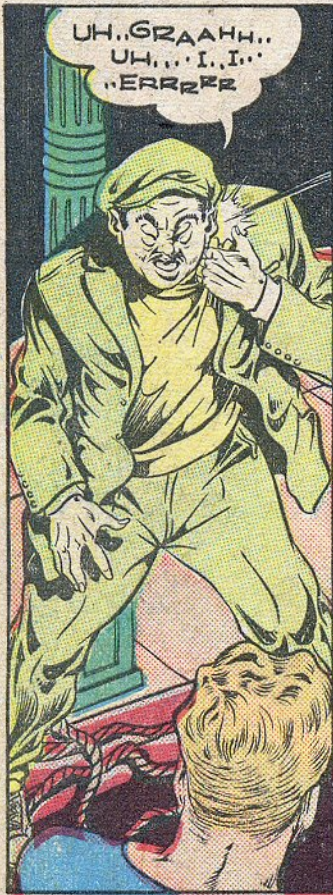
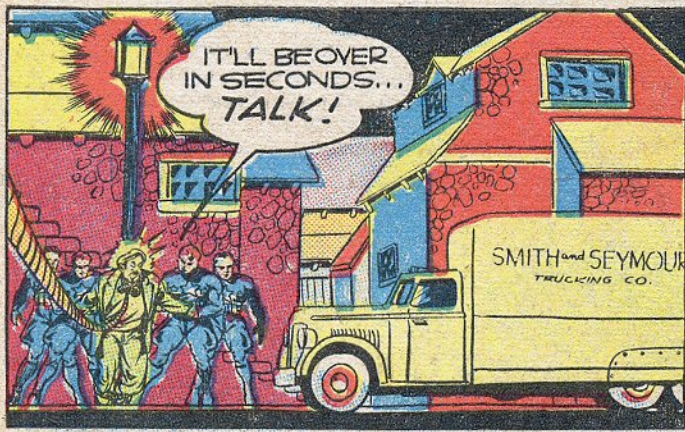
AGAIN THE BRIGADIERS MATCH
WITS WITH THE GREATEST JAP
SPY-RING LEADER, THE BLACK
DRAGON, THE MAN OF
A THOUSAND FACES!!

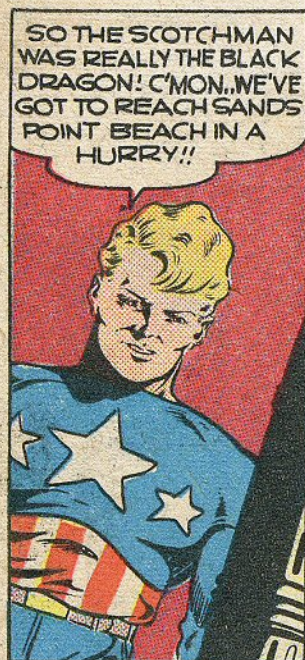
and the
BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS
by PAUL GUSTAVSON

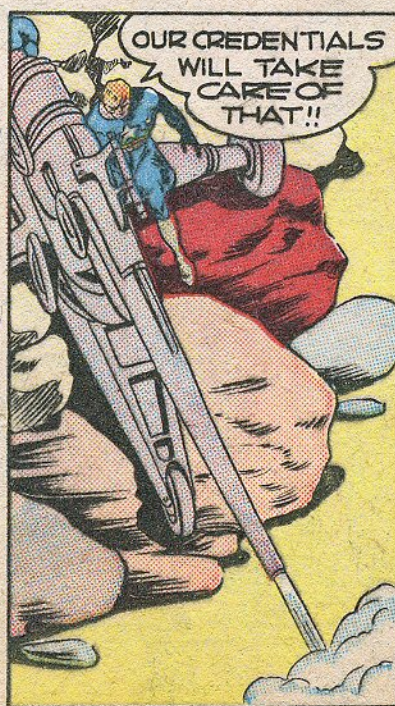
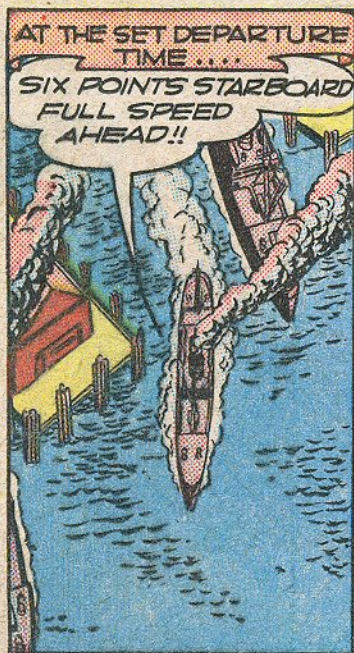
SOMEWHERE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

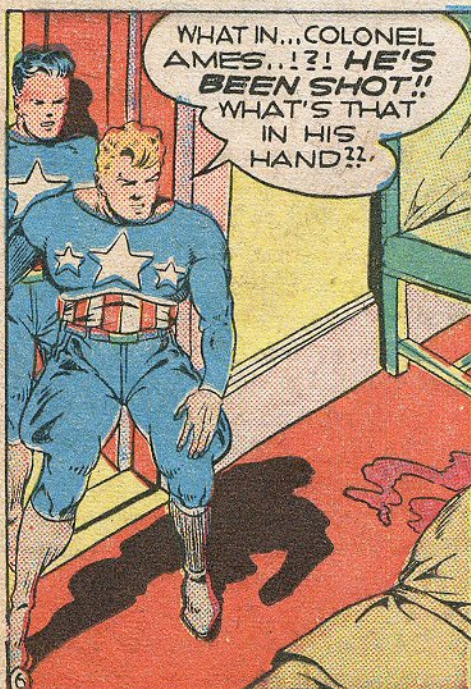
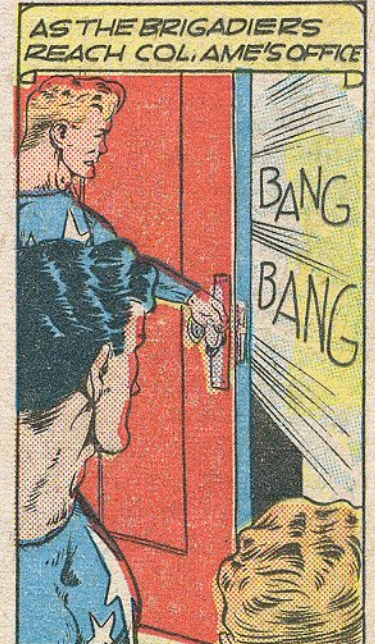
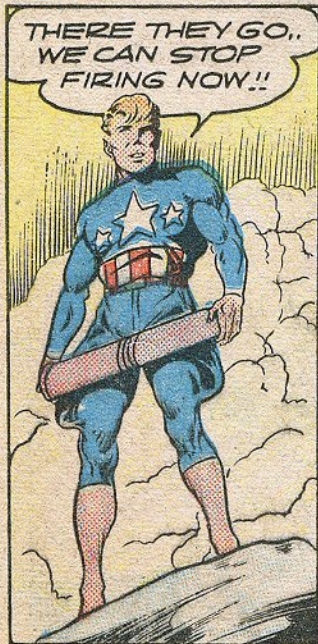
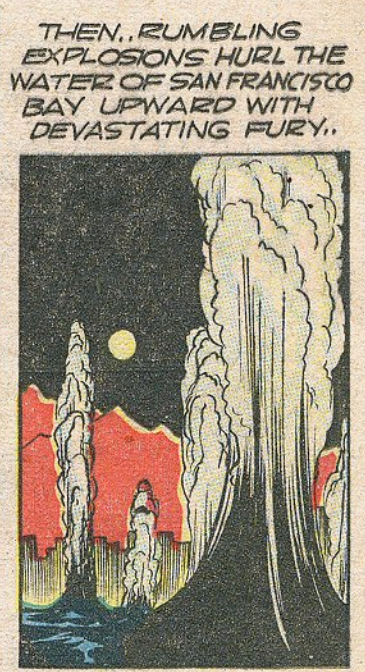
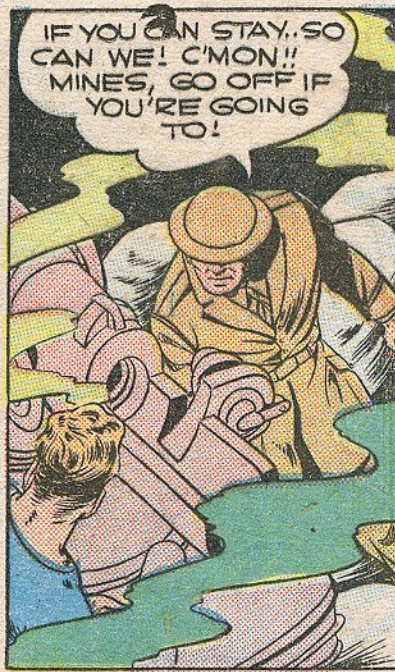
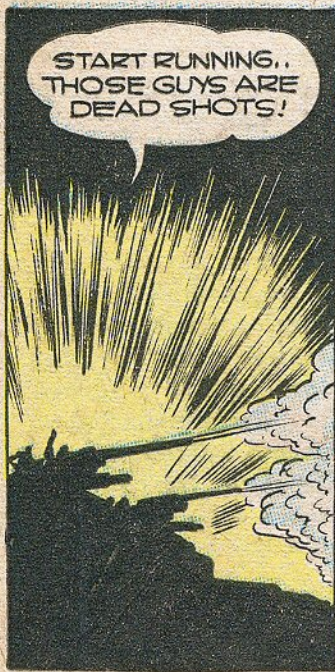












BLACK MARKET

The crowd facing Desk Sergeant O'Conner had almost doubled in the last hour. It was 9:30 at night. The sergeant was tired, and his ears were burning with the denunciations hurled at him by the angry mob.

It was strange, this sudden tire-stealing wave which was inundating the whole country. And not so strange after all. The government curtailment of new tires and tubes had created a monster that might easily become an uncontrollable force of evil. Old gangsters and racketeers had grasped at the "new deal" of tire snitching with unholy glee. It looked like a good thing to them.

Well, it was surely making things tough for the police, thought Sergeant O'Conner. And everyone of those people reviling him had the same complaint to make: someone had stolen their spare tire; or two tires; or all four tires, plus the wheels. And what was the police doing about it?

"We're doing all we can," groaned Sergeant O'Conner. "Sign your complaint and go home, please—we'll let you know when we find something."

Someone laughed derisively. "Yeah, go home and you'll let us know when you find something! What have you guys found so far? Nothing!"

The thing that made it so tough for the police was the fact that nobody ever saw their tires being stolen. The thefts usually happened on dark streets, in unlocked garages, even in parking lots. Without a suspect you can't make an arrest!

After a week of the ever-mounting thefts, the situation had become so bad that the newspapers ran editorials, quite often couched in faint sarcasm for the city's law-enforcing bodies. But

the same situation was everywhere. The whole country was being ravaged by tire thieves, who had now built a powerful "bootlegging" faction dealing in "hot" tires. The newspapers referred to it as the "Black Market."

Perry Scott arrived in Hampton a week after the city had been snowed under by thieves. He went to see Police Commissioner Burke. Burke was in a dither, too.

"It's getting beyond us, Scott," he cried. "It's clear outa our hands now. We can't watch every dark street, or post a man at every parked car." The commissioner shook his head with a groan. "If we only had some plan . . ."

"Do you ever recover any stolen tires?" Perry asked.

"Occasionally," said Burke. "Not very often. And when we do, it's a ten to one chance that the owner can't identify his property . . . We held an auction sale last week of several hundred stolen tires and wheels—property for which we could not find the owners."

"Why don't people record the serial numbers of their tires?" Perry wanted to know. "Seems to me that would—"

"Yeah, why don't they!" cried the commissioner. "If they did that we'd have no trouble returning the property—in case we recovered it."

Perry went to his hotel, mulling the situation over. Burke was his friend; he'd like to help the old police official. But how?

In the hotel lobby he bought an evening paper. The headlines screamed another big theft of tires—without the thieves leaving a clue.

"Heck of a thing, isn't it?" said the clerk. "What's the cops doin' anyway?"

Perry didn't answer. He

strolled over to a fat chair and slumped into it to read his paper. A page boy began calling, "Mr. Condon . . . paging Mr. Condon!"

A swarthy chap sitting not far from Perry said, "Here, boy!" He took the telegram, gave the boy a tip. Perry watched as the man read the wire. A change came over his face, half grin. The man looked around quickly, turned and headed for a telephone booth. Perry got up and walked past the man's vacant chair. He had seen a slip of paper drop from Condon's pocket when he got up.

With a deft motion Perry picked up the paper. Nonchalantly he walked across the lobby, and in a secluded alcove read the message.

"H. Bentley . . . car 99728 . . . SP . . . Fby 20."

"Hmmm!" said Perry, dropping the slip into his pocket. "Looks like code, or a cryptogram . . . Say! I wonder if that could mean—"



Perry hastened into a phone booth and called Commissioner Burke. When he had told him about the note, Burke asked him to hurry over to the office. "Might be something we can get our teeth into," he said.

But Burke could make nothing of it. Glancing at it again, Perry suddenly exclaimed, "Look here, that could be the number of a freight car! And 'SP' might mean the Southern Pacific!"

"Wait a minute!" cried Burke. "I believe you have something there. This is the 20th, too! Hey, let's get goin' down to the freight yards!"

The yardmaster informed them that there was such a car number.

The manifests showed it to contain several thousand tires consigned to the Army.

At this moment two Army officers entered the yardmaster's office. "We've come to get that car of tires," one of them said.

The yardmaster said that the car would be switched to the unloading platform in about an hour.

Perry and Burke left the office and wandered down toward the yards.

"One thing," said Burke, "we can't watch that car during the day. If it was slated for a knock-over, I guess the Army beat 'em to it."

"I'm not sure about those 'Army officers'," said Perry. "Something about 'em—"

"You mean they might be phoneys—crooks?"

"They might," said Perry. "Just to make sure, let's call the commanding officer and see what he knows about the tires and these rookies."

The commanding officer gave them an earful: He knew about the tires, all right. But no one had been dispatched from camp to pick them up.

"Well, what do you make of that?" Perry asked.

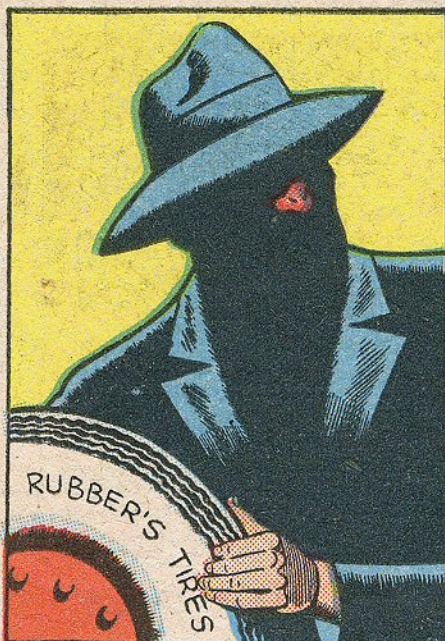
"Holy smoke!" shouted Burke. "I'd better get a bunch of the boys down to the yards and—"

"Not so fast," said Perry. "If you do that we won't get a chance to grab anybody. No. Here's a better plan: we'll let 'em unload the tires and tail 'em."

"Good," said Burke. "And since this is government property, we'd better put the FBI wise."

A huge trailer truck was backed up to the unloading platform by the time the car of tires was switched to the proper track. The two "army" officers were there to direct the unloading operations of some seven men. Perry and Burke watched from the cupola of a nearby caboose.

"Downright daring, eh, Commissioner?" said Perry as the last of the tires were stacked in the trailer. "Imagine stealing gov-



ernment stuff in broad daylight, and impersonating Army officers. Takes guts!"

Burke nodded grimly. "There they go. We'll let 'em get well on their way, then tail 'em."

The huge truck rumbled away, an entire carload of tires aboard, and all the men in the cab.

The chase led them far out in the suburbs of Hampton. It was just sunset. The big truck drew up to a large warehouse and a pair of monstrous doors slid back. The truck vanished inside and the doors closed.

"Come on," Perry said. "We've got to get in there somehow. I think we'll get a surprise!"

They found a narrow door that led to an equally narrow stairway. Cautiously they crept inside and began ascending the steep steps. It led to a loft that commanded a clear view of the floor below.

"Look," said Perry, pointing. "There's the truck. And look at the tires—thousands of them racked along the walls. What're those guys doing over in the corner?"

Burke shook his head. "Looks something like a vulcanizing machine, but—"

"I've got it!" whispered Perry. "They're stamping out serial numbers, and probably putting on their own numbers. Clever—what?"

Then Commissioner Burke cut loose with a terrific sneeze. Instantly the lights went out below.

Men shouted commands. A pistol shot stabbed the darkness. The mob was making for the exits.

"Now you've done it!" said Perry. "Of all things—"

"Hey, look!" said Burke. The lights had come back on. A dozen FBI agents were covering the mobsters with guns.

"Say, I didn't know they were tailin' the crooks, too!" said Burke.

"I did," Perry told him. "Thought they'd make a nice arrest—and looks like they did. Come on, the show's about over!"

The police department, and the FBI agents insisted that the big arrest of tire thieves was all due to Perry Scott's astuteness, and so they had him in the City Auditorium that same night, where traffic experts and other officials were to give talks warning car owners how to protect their tires.

At Burke's urging, Perry went up to the rostrum. After the applause had died, he said, "Well, friends, now that I'm up here I might as well say a word or two. I had my own tires stolen a few days ago. The thief got away without me seeing him. That, you must admit, makes it hard for the police to track down the thief.

"So I've formulated a few precautions. Here they are:

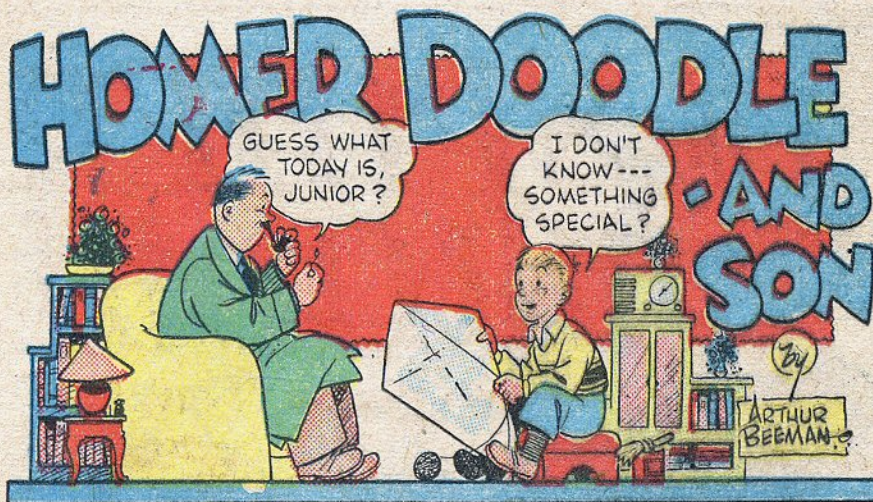
Don't park cars on dark streets.
Keep your garage locked.

Never leave your car in an unattended lot.

And last but not least, brand your tires with your license number. It's easy: Heat an ice pick and burn the numbers right into the casings. That way the police, if your tires are stolen, can call you immediately by tracing your license number."

"That's the best bit of advice ever handed out to protect one's tires," said Burke, shaking hands. "Drop in on us again soon, Perry, my lad. You'd make a swell cop!"

ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
On Sale June 24TH



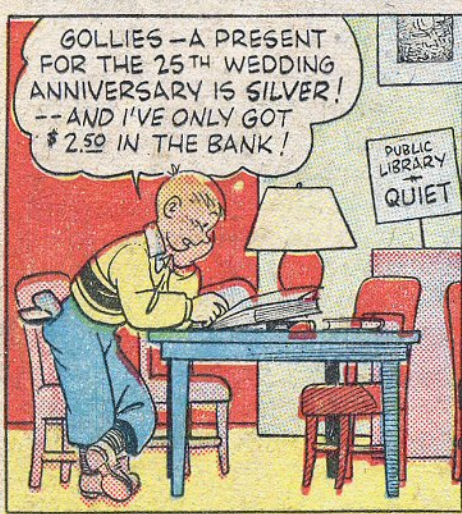
GUESS WHAT TODAY IS, JUNIOR?

I DON'T KNOW--- SOMETHING SPECIAL?



IT CERTAINLY IS! YOUR MOTHER AND I WERE MARRIED 25 YEARS AGO TODAY!

YOU'RE ANNIVERSARY! AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL!



GOLLIES--A PRESENT FOR THE 25TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IS SILVER! --AND I'VE ONLY GOT \$2.50 IN THE BANK!



HELLO, DON--I WANT TO DRAW \$1.50 IN CHANGE FROM MY ACCOUNT!

SURE THING, JUNIOR!



NOW--WHAT TO BUY? SILVER IS AWFULLY EXPENSIVE BUT MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME LITTLE GIFT!



WITH DIMES, QUARTERS, AND HALF DOLLARS, IT'S PRETTY HARD TO FIND ANYTHING I CAN BUY!



I'VE BEEN TO PRACTICALLY EVERY STORE IN TOWN, BUT NO LUCK! THERE'S ONLY ONE MORE SHOP TO LOOK INTO--THAT'S ACROSS THE PARK!



SORRY, I DON'T THINK WE'VE ANY ITEMS FOR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SPEND, SON!



S'CUSE ME, FAMILY--BUT I'M IN SORT OF A SPOT---



NOT BEING ABLE TO FIND A SUITABLE PRESENT FOR YOUR ANNIVERSARY--I'LL JUST HAVE TO GIVE YOU THE MONEY---IT'S OKAY THOUGH, ALL SILVER!



BLESS YOUR GENEROUS LITTLE HEART! WITH THOUGHTFUL YOUNG CITIZENS LIKE YOU, AMERICA WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HER FUTURE!

The SPIDER WIDOW

CREATED BY
FRANK M.
BORTH

Grandmother of Terror!

BEAUTIFUL
DIANNE GRAYTON
WAGES A PRIVATE
WAR AGAINST CRIME
AND UNAMERICAN
ACTIVITIES, BY
TRANSFORMING
HERSELF FROM A
WEALTHY DEBUTANTE
INTO THE
SPIDER WIDOW,
THE MOST HORRIBLE
DISPENSER OF JUSTICE
OF ALL TIMES!

*She weaves a
web of justice
to trap the insects
of corruption!*

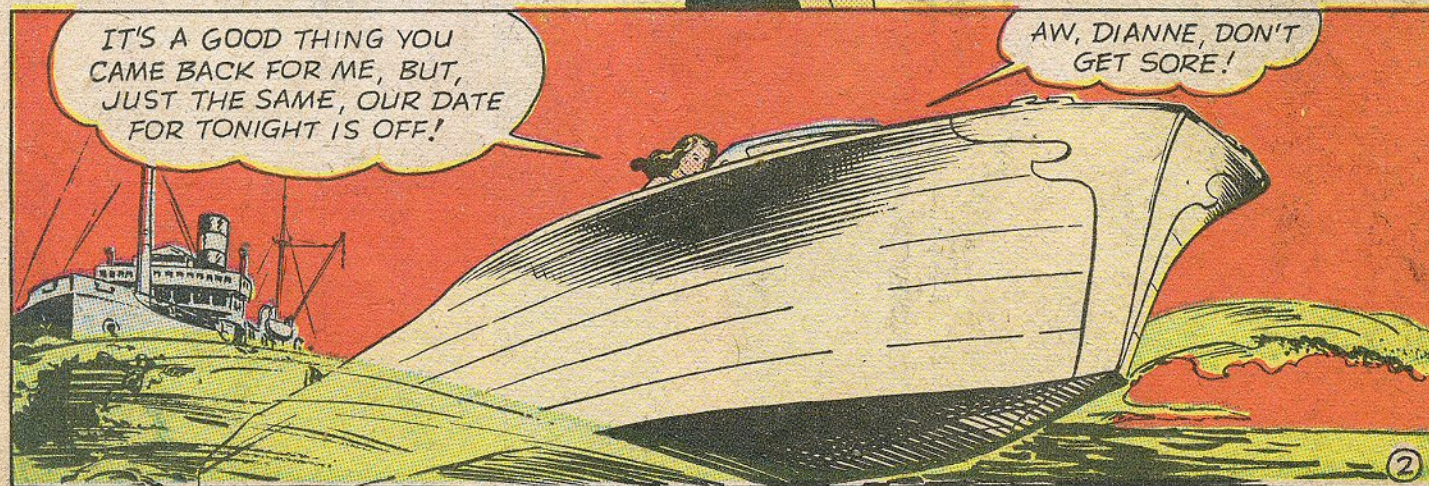
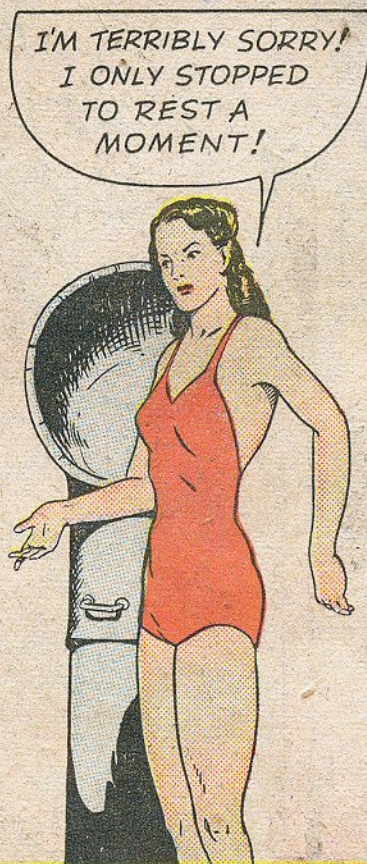
ALL SET,
DIANNE?
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN
STAY ON THAT AQUAPLANE
THIS TIME!

GIVE IT
ALL SHE'S
GOT! I'M
READY!

I'LL SHOW THAT
BOB ABLESON I
CAN RIDE
THIS
THING!

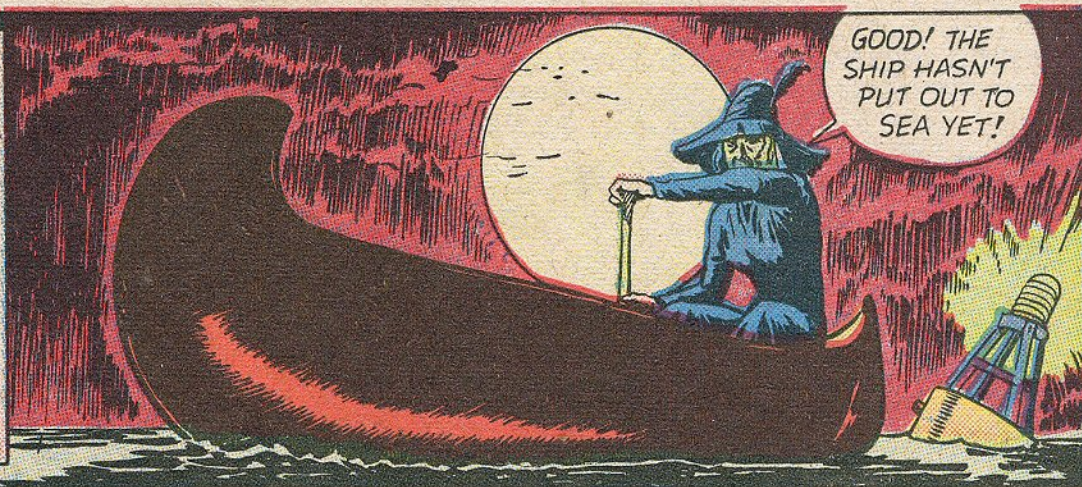
OOPS!

WHY, THAT BIG BUM!
HE'S GOING TO MAKE ME
SWIM BACK. WAIT TILL
I CATCH HIM!





THAT NIGHT, DIANNE
DONS THE MASK OF
THE SPIDER WIDOW,
AND SILENTLY
PADDLES
INTO THE
DARKNESS...



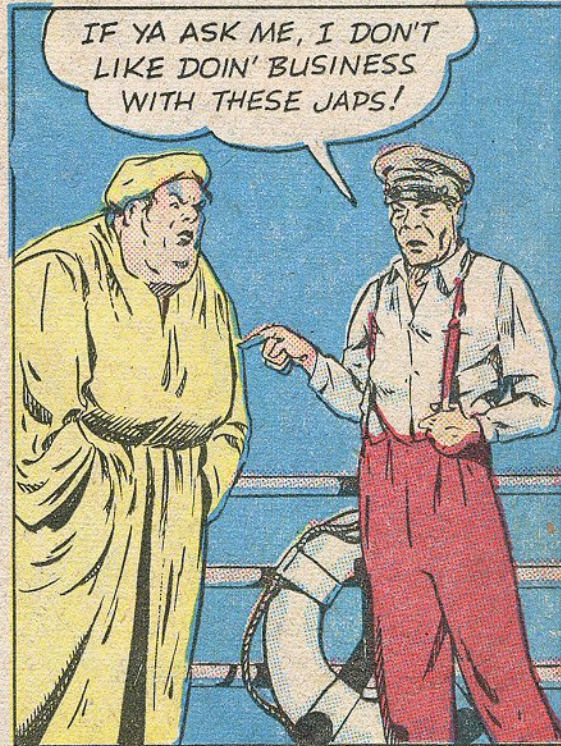
GOOD! THE
SHIP HASN'T
PUT OUT TO
SEA YET!



NOW TO
FIND
MADAME
LARGOSS!



HMMM...
SO FAR,
SO GOOD!



IF YA ASK ME, I DON'T
LIKE DOIN' BUSINESS
WITH THESE JAPS!



NOBODY ASKED YOU!
NOW GET FORWARD AND
KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT.
I'LL HANDLE THE
BUSINESS, SEE?



HERE'S YOUR ORDERS,
HUTI. YOU'RE TO REPORT
TO STATION TWELVE.
TOHOTO SAILS BACK WITH
US TO JAPAN. GOT IT?

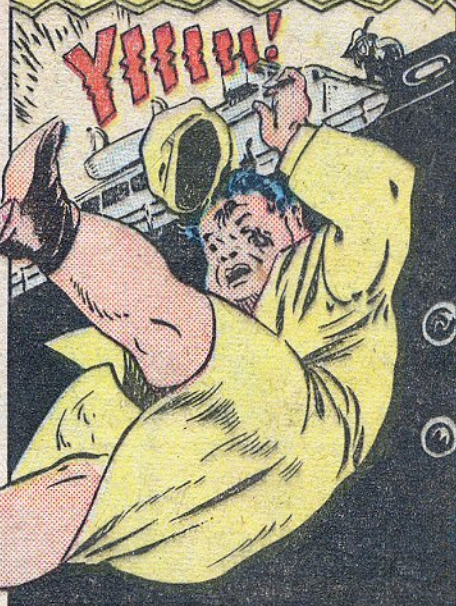
JUST THEN, JO-JO TRIPS OVER THE SPIDER WIDOW IN THE DARKNESS.





OUTTA MY WAY, YOU JAP-HAPPY SAPI!

SCREAMING WITH ANGER, MADAME LARGOSSI LEAPS INTO THE SEA TO RID HERSELF OF THE SPIDERS.



YEEEE!



THE COMMOTION BRINGS OUT THE COAST PATROL...

STAND BY! WE'RE COMING ABOARD FOR INSPECTION!

HELP!

... AND THE SPUTTERING MADAM IS PULLED UP OUT OF THE HARBOR.



HAUL AWAY!

I'LL GET THAT SPIDER WIDOW FOR THIS!

HERE'S THE TWO JAPANESE AGENTS WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, CAPTAIN. THEY WERE CARRYING VALUABLE GOVERNMENT INFORMATION TO JAPAN!



SO THE SPIDER WIDOW IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CAPTURE OF THESE SPIES! WELL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SEEING HER AGAIN, NOT WHERE YOU'RE GOING! HOWEVER, THE AUTHORITIES WILL WANT TO THANK HER FOR THE GREAT WORK SHE'S DOING!



SHE IS NOWHERE, ABOARD SHIP, SIR!

BAH!

...FOR THE SPIDER WIDOW, SEEING MADAM LARGOSSI SAFE IN THE HANDS OF THE COAST PATROL, HAS VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT, TO AWAIT HER CHANCE TO CAST HER WEB OF JUSTICE ONCE AGAIN.



THAT WAS CLOSE! THEY ALMOST FOUND OUT WHO THE SPIDER WIDOW REALLY IS!

FATCHI

SPIN SHAW

By
Rex Smith

of THE
**NAVAL
AIR
CORPS**

A CONCENTRATION OF JAP VESSELS IS A DIRE THREAT TO THE HARD PRESSED UNITS OF THE AMERICAN FLEET, FORCED TO TAKE REFUGE IN A STRANGE HARBOR. BUT SPIN SHAW'S KEEN INTELLIGENCE AND DEATH-DEFYING COURAGE FINDS A WAY TO DEAL WITH THE ENEMY. . .

BATTLE WAGONS OF THE U.S. FLEET LIE AT ANCHOR IN THE FAR EASTERN HARBOR OF SANBOON.

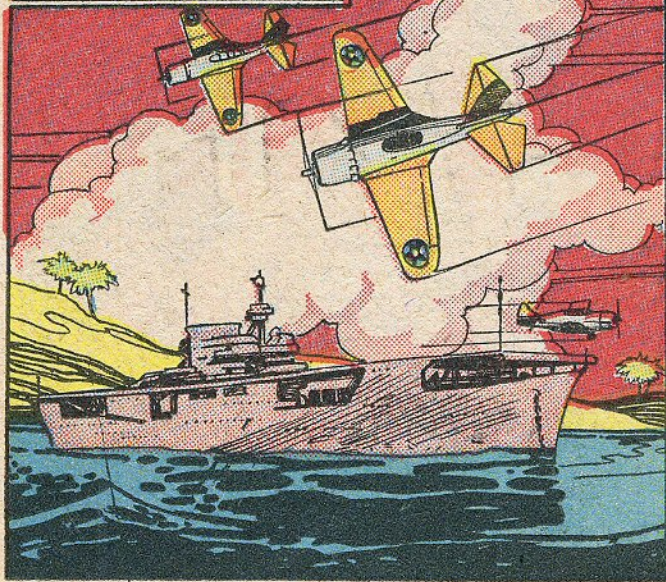
ON AN AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

THERE ARE AT LEAST TEN SHIPS OF THE JAP FLEET AT THE WURABAYA BASE. WE WON'T BE FREE TO OPERATE UNTIL THEY'RE DESTROYED!

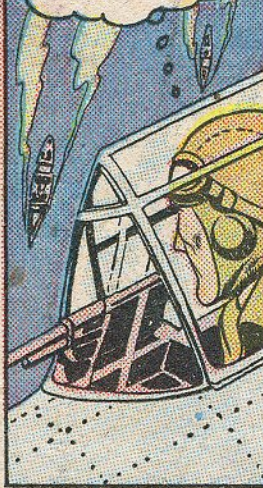
YOU'RE TO LEAD A BOMBER SQUADRON AND BLAST 'EM OUT. GOOD LUCK, SHAW!



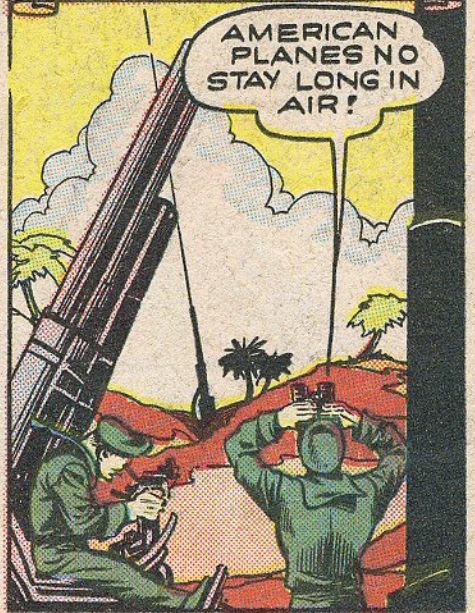
SPIN TAKES OFF AT THE HEAD OF HIS SQUADRON..



THERE ARE THE JAPS NOW, AND HERE'S WHERE THEY GET IT!

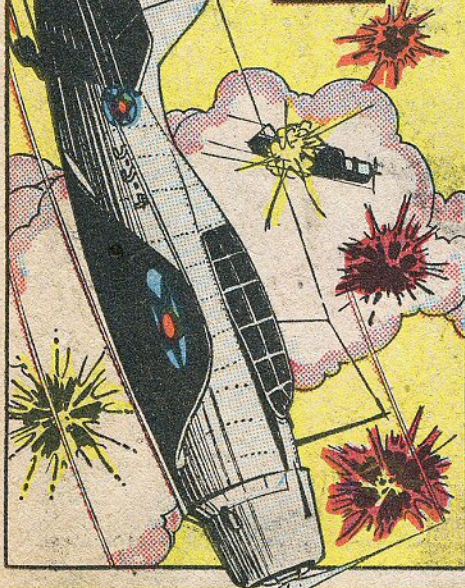


BUT THE JAPS OPEN A TERRIFIC ANTI-AIRCRAFT BARRAGE.

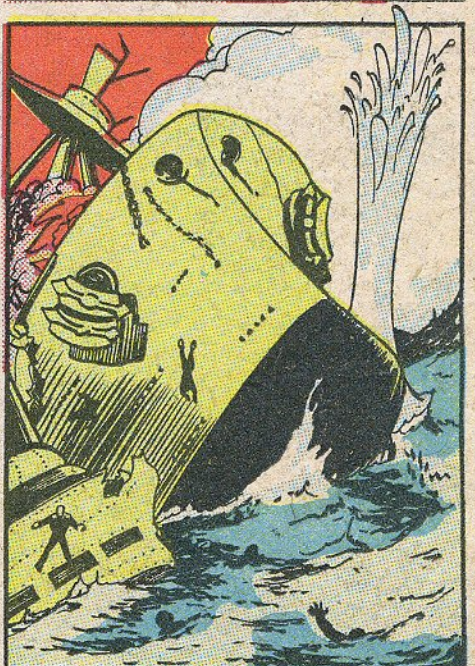


AMERICAN PLANES NO STAY LONG IN AIR!

AS THE PLANE NEAREST HIM IS HIT, SPIN GOES INTO A POWER DIVE.



AND SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON A JAP HEAVY CRUISER.



BUT THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE CONTINUES.. UNABATED.



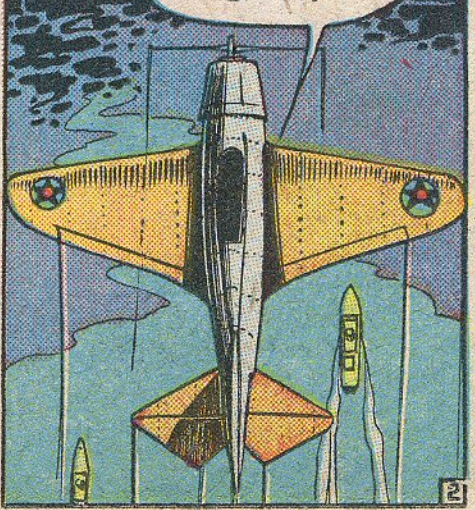
TH- THEY G-GOT ME!!

ATTENTION, SQUADRON! RETURN TO BASE!

THOSE A.A. GUNS ARE TOO MUCH FOR OUR BOYS!



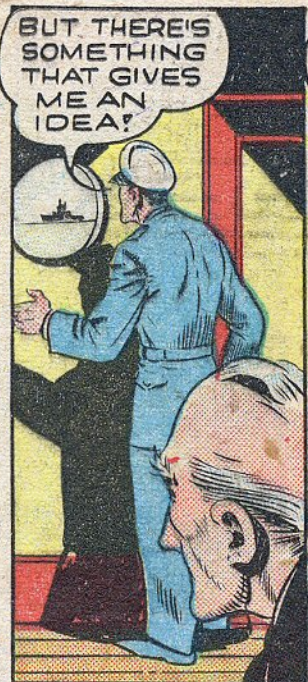
I THINK I'LL GET A PICTURE OF THE HARBOR... MIGHT HELP US WHEN WE ATTACK AGAIN?





SPIN REPORTS TO HIS COMMANDER.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DO MUCH TO THEM WITH THE NUMBER OF PLANES WE HAVE, SIR!



BUT THERE'S SOMETHING THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

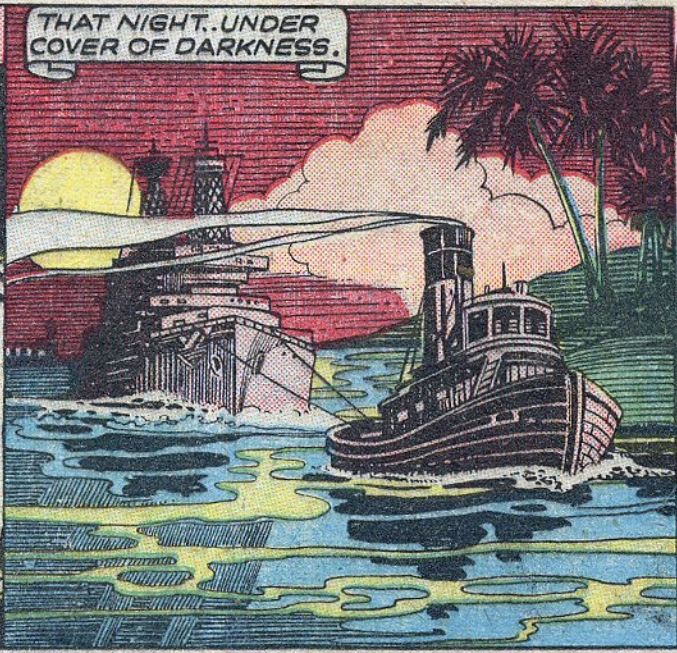


WHAT IS IT, SHAW?

THAT DISABLED CRUISER WE MANAGED TO GET INTO THE HARBOR..IT'S DAMAGED ALMOST BEYOND REPAIR, BUT IF WE COULD TOW IT TO THE JAP BASE AND SINK IT, IT WOULD BOTTLE THEM UP IN THEIR OWN HAR-BOR?



SPIN ILLUSTRATES HIS PLAN.



THAT NIGHT..UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS.

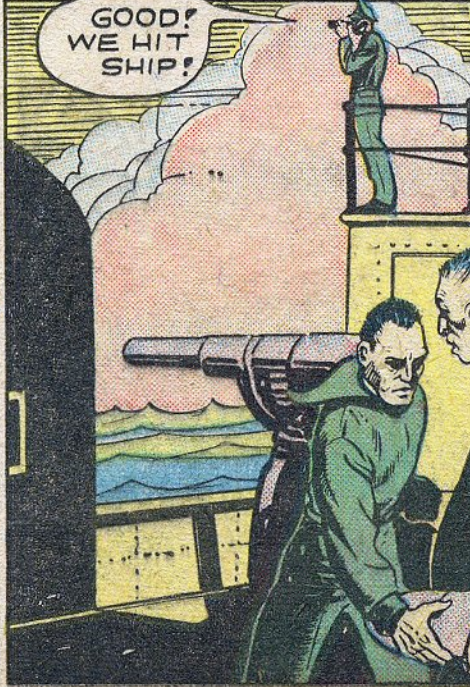


A SEARCHLIGHT FROM ONE OF THE JAP SHIPS! I HOPE THEY DON'T HIT THE CRUISER BEFORE I GET IN CLOSER!



ON ONE OF THE JAP VESSELS.

AN AMERICAN SHIP! HURRY! FIRE!



GOOD! WE HIT SHIP!



SPIN'S PILOT BOAT TREMBLES AS THE JAP SHELLS STRIKE THE CRUISER BEHIND HIM.

IF SHE CAN ONLY STAY UP FOR ANOTHER MINUTE!



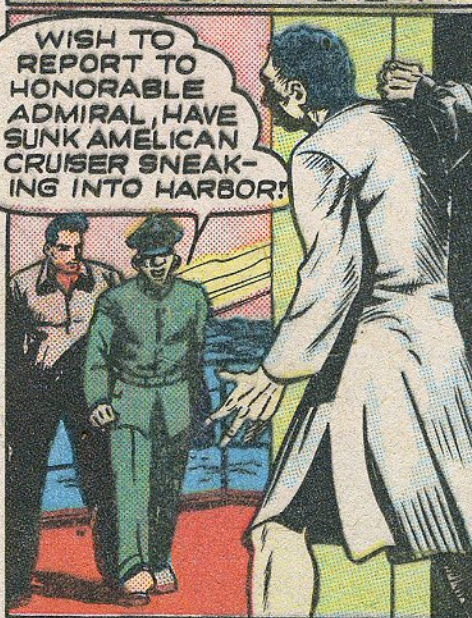
HIT AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE CRUISER GOES TO THE BOTTOM.

JUST MADE IT! THEY'VE SUNK HER IN THEIR OWN HARBOR!

FIRE AT THE PILOT BOAT!



SPIN IS TAKEN ABOARD THE JAP FLAGSHIP, AND THE ADMIRAL IS AWAKENED.



WISH TO REPORT TO HONORABLE ADMIRAL, HAVE SUNK AMERICAN CRUISER SNEAKING INTO HARBOR!



AS A SHELL SMASHES THE PILOT BOAT, SPIN DIVES OVERBOARD.

THAT SURE WAS CLOSE! NOW IF THEY DON'T TURN THAT SEARCHLIGHT ON ME, I MAY GET AWAY!



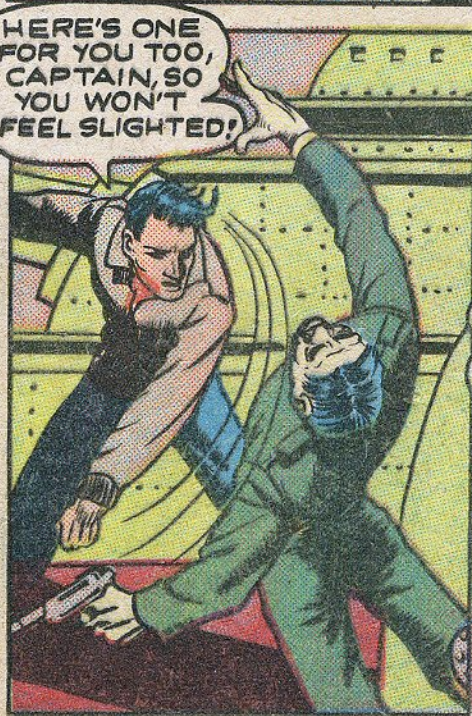
THEY'VE GOT ME NOW!



YOU SANK IT IN THE HARBOR! FOOL! THAT MEANS OUR SHIPS ARE TRAPPED! ~~TEXT~~ TEXT!!



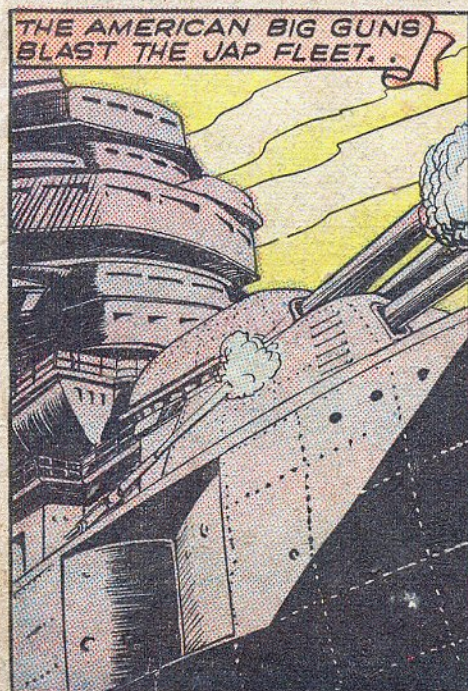
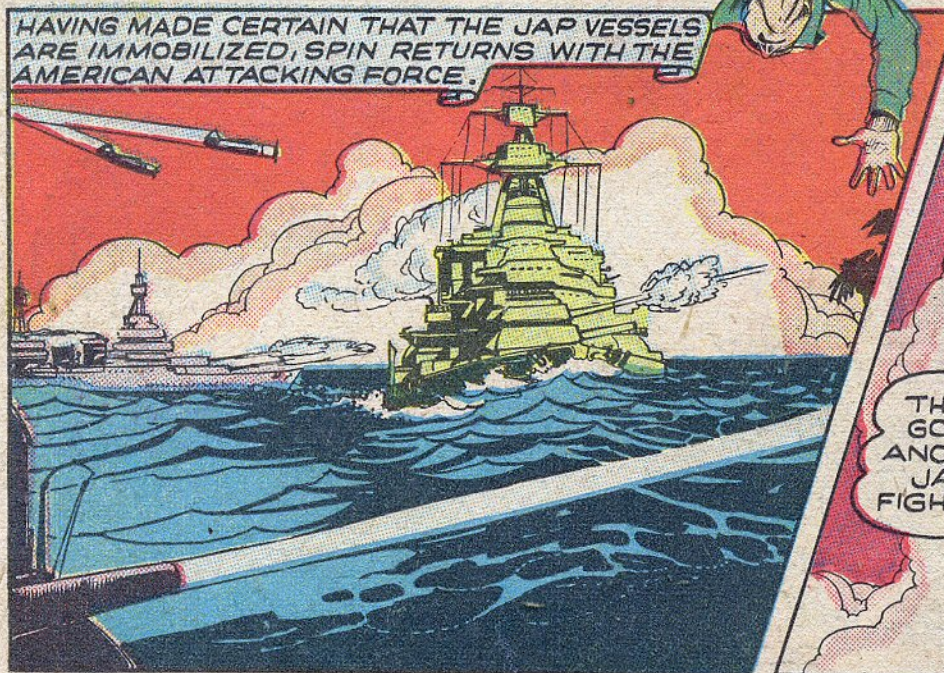
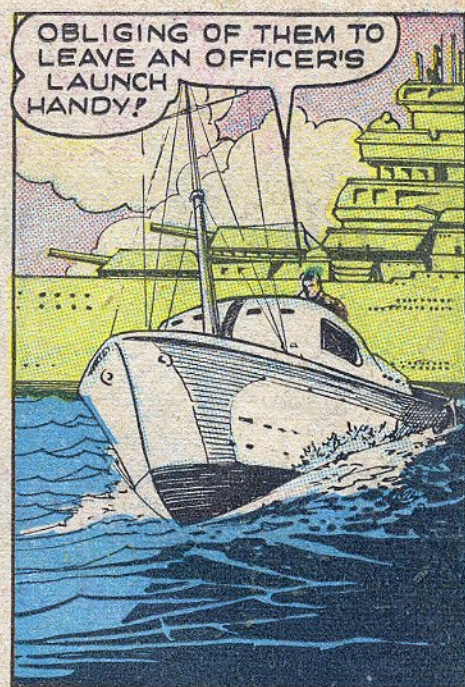
THAT'S A FACT, ADMIRAL, AND I'M CHECKING OUT!



HERE'S ONE FOR YOU TOO, CAPTAIN, SO YOU WON'T FEEL SLIGHTED!



NOW TO GET PAST THOSE SAILORS!



HERE IT IS!



FEATURING
UNCLE SAM
DESTROYER 171
WONDER BOY

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-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY!

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:
Here's a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr.

FOR VICTORY



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